

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 47—No. 16.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The TWENTY-SIXTH SATURDAY CONCERT AND LAST OF THE SERIES.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY), Beethoven's CHORAL SYMPHONY. Solos by Mdle. Regan, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Lewis Thomas. Choruses by Crystal Palace Choir. The Symphony preceded by a short Miscellaneous Programme, including Pianoforte Concerto in F sharp minor (Reinecke); Prelude to Fifth Act of "King Manfred" (Reinecke); Overture, "Nozze di Figaro" (Mozart), &c. Solo Pianoforte, Herr Carl Reinecke, Conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig (by permission of the directors of the Philharmonic Society). Conductor, Mr. Manns. Admission, half-a-crown; guinea season tickets, free; single stalls, 2s. 6d., may be secured at the Palace.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—THIRD CONCERT. MONDAY EVENING, April 19th. ST. JAMES'S HALL. Pianoforte—Herr Reinecke (conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig); Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Vocalists—Mdle. Regan (her second appearance) and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Symphonies—Schubert's unfinished, in B minor, and Beethoven's C minor; Mozart's Coronation concerto in D, for piano, Andante and Rondo; Molique's Violoncello concerto in D. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Austin, 28, Piccadilly, etc.

TUESDAY NEXT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT ST. & PICCADILLY.

**MR. W. H. TILLA** (Pupil of Signor SANGIOVANNI, Maestro di Cant del Conservatoire, Milano) has the honour to announce that he will give a

**GRAND EVENING CONCERT,**

ON TUESDAY, 20th APRIL,

(And will sing for the first time in St. James's Hall since his arrival from Italy) on which occasion he will be assisted by the following Artists:—

Vocalists:

MADAME PYNE-BODDA, Miss EDITH WYNNE, & MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY. THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION (Conducted by Mr. EDWARD LARD).

MR. LEWIS THOMAS AND MR. W. H. TILLA.

Instrumentalists:

VIOLIN—M. PROSPER SAINTON.

PIANOFORTE—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

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All letters respecting engagements to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

**EXETER HALL.**—MENDELSSOHN NIGHT.—

TUESDAY, April 20th, "HYMN OF PRAISE" and "WALPURGIS NIGHT."—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor—MR. G. W. MARTIN. Principal Vocalists—Miss Arabella Smyth, Madame Ruby Barrett, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lander. Band and Chorus 700. Tickets, 2s., 3s., Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. Offices: 14 and 15, Exeter Hall (First Floor).

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**MR. SIMS REEVES** will sing, for the first time, a new National song, "THE CAMBRIAN PLUME" (composed expressly for him by Mr. DANIEL RICHARDS), at Mr. Leslie's Concert, St. James's Hall, Thursday Evening, April 22nd. The song will be accompanied by a full chorus, under the immediate direction of Mr. Henry Leslie.

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MR. SIMS REEVES, MR. MONTEM SMITH,

AND

MR. LEWIS THOMAS.

Conductor—MR. JOSEPH BARNBY.

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**HERR FERDINAND LUDWIG** has arrived in London for the Season, and purposes giving Lessons on the Pianoforte and in Singing. Address: 1, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

**MR. EDWARD MURRAY** (Baritone) will sing at Miss Wolfe's concert, Hanover Square, April 21st; "Creation," Horns, Kennington, 29th; and at Saturday Orchestral Union, May 8th. All letters respecting Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, etc., to be addressed to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

**MDLLE. MARIE D'ETIENNE** has the honour to announce that her FIRST CONCERT will take place at the BRETHERTON ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, on FRIDAY EVENING, April 30th. Tickets of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

**M. PAQUE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT** at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, will take place on MORDAY, May 24th. Assisted by the most eminent artists. Full particulars will be duly announced. Tickets at M. Paque's, 120, Great Portland Street.

**MDLLE. JULIE LESCA** (the new Soprano) will sing at the Beaumont Institution, April 19th; Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, 27th; St. George's Hall, May 4th. Letters respecting Engagements for Concerts, etc., to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

**MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE** will sing her new song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Islington, April 21st; Store Street Rooms, 28th; Hanover Square Rooms, 28th; Myddelton Hall, May 7th; Hackney, 11th.

**MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE** begs to acquaint her Friends and Pupils that she is now free to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, etc.—22, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**MDLLE. CLARA DORIA** will sing BENEDICT'S new song, "MINE, THOU ART MINE" (for the first time), and W. VINCENT WALLACE'S "SONG OF MAY," at Miss Clinton Fynes' Pianoforte Recital, Wednesday Evening, April 21st.

**MR. STANLEY BETJEMANN** will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on the 21st of April, at Miss Clinton Fynes' Pianoforte Recital.

**HERR SCHUBERT'S QUARTET PARTY.**—VIOLIN—HERR JOSEF LUDWIG (Pupil of JOACHIM), and HERR YUNG (Pupil of FERDINAND DAVID); VIOLA—MR. COOPER; VIOLONCELLO—HERR SCHUBERTH. Can be Engaged for Concerts, Soirées, etc., on application to the Secretary of the Schubert Society, 27, Harley Street; or care of Messrs. D. DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

**BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE**

**MISS CLINTON FYNES** has the honour to announce to her Friends, Pupils, and the Public, that she will give **THREE PIANO-FORTE RECITALS**, which will take place on **WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 21st, 1869**, to commence at Eight o'clock; **WEDNESDAY MORNING, May 19th**, and **WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 9th**, to commence at Three o'clock precisely; on which occasions she will be assisted by the following Artists:—Vocalists: **Mdlle. Clara Doria**, **Miss Jenny Pratt**, and **Miss Edith Wynne**; **Mr. Stanley Betjemann**, **Mr. W. H. Tilla**, and **Mr. Vernon Rigby**. Instrumentalists: **Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove**; **Violoncello, Mr. W. H. Aylward**; **Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus**; and **Pianoforte, Miss Clinton Fynes**. Conductor—**Mr. G. H. Robinson**.  
Single Ticket, 3s.; Reserved and Numbered, 6s.; Family Ticket (to admit Four), One Guinea. To be had at **Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall**; and of **Miss Clinton Fynes, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square**.

**MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano)**. All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, **Miss BESSIE EMMETT**, to be addressed to **Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.**

**MISS THEED** respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that she continues to give instruction in Singing and the Pianoforte, at her own residence, or at the houses of pupils.—**5, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.**

**MISS EDITH WYNNE** will sing at **St. James's Hall** (Mr. W. H. Tilla's grand concert), **April 20th**, **BENEDICT's** popular Ballad, "**ROCK ME TO SLEEP**," and **WELLINGTON GERNSEY's** admired song, "**THE SPRING**" (specially composed for her).

**MISS MABEL BRENT** will sing the popular Ballad, "**A DAY TOO LATE**" (composed by **Mdlle. Rosa Heras**), **April 17th**, **Greenwich**; **26th, Burdett Hall, Poplar**. Published, price 3s., by **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street**.

**MISS EDITH WYNNE** will sing **WELLINGTON GERNSEY's** new and popular Ballad, "**THE SPRING**," at **Miss Clinton Fynes' Third Pianoforte Recital**.

**MRS. HALE** (of the London Ballad Concerts), Pupil of **Signor Costa** and **Professor BENNETT**, will sing at the **Town Hall, Birmingham**, **Thursday, April 22nd**; and is open to Engagements as Vocalist or Pianist at Concerts, &c., during the ensuing Season. Address: **6, Manor View, Brixton Road, S.**

**MR. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL** begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Letters, &c., to be addressed to the care of **Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 30, New Bond Street**.

**MISS BLANCHE ELLERTON** will sing **BENEDICT's** popular song, "**ROCK ME TO SLEEP**," at the **Beaumont Institution**, **April 19th**.

**MR. GEORGE HONEY** will sing the **Aria-Buffa**, from the popular Opera, **Once too Often**, "**IN MY CHATEAU OF POMPERNIK**," at the **Holborn Amphitheatre**, **April 22nd**.

**MISS BESSIE EMMETT** will sing **BENEDICT's** popular song, "**ROCK ME TO SLEEP**," at **Clapham**, **April 22**.

**MDLLE. CLARA DORIA** will sing **W. VINCENT WALLACE's** "**SONG OF MAY**," at the **Lynn Philharmonic Society's Concert**, **23d April**.

**MR. ARTHUR KENTCHEN** (Baritone) is now at liberty to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Ballad Concerts, &c. Communications to be addressed to the care of **Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.**

**MR. ADOLPHE GANZ** begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for full or small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to **Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street**; or at **Mr. A. GANZ's residence, 37, Golden Square**.

**MISS ANNA JEWELL** will sing at **Mr. Carter's Concert, St. James's Hall, THIS DAY (17th inst.)**, the **Soprano Part in *Acis and Galatea***; **Great Yarmouth, 20th**; at **Willis's Rooms, 21st**; at **Madame Lonsdale Themar's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, on the 22nd**; at **Victoria Hall, Bayswater, on the 28th**; and the **Soprano Part in *St. Paul***, at **Newport, Isle of Wight, on the 30th**.

**"OF THEE I THINK"**

**HERR REICHARDT** will introduce a new song of his own composition, entitled "**OF THEE I THINK**" ("*Ich denke dein*"), at **Madame Rosalie Lonsdale-Themar's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, Thursday Evening, April 22nd**.

**MR. EMILE BERGER.**

**MR. EMILE BERGER** will return to London for the Season, **May 25th, 1869**. Address, care of **Messrs. DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London**.

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## RICHARD WAGNER'S JUDAISM IN MUSIC.

MOTTO: "Der Jude wird verbrannt."—LESSING.

Richard Wagner, who, for some time past, has again been working at his own self-glorification, so indispensable to him, by the industrious production of pamphlets, has just published another pamphlet under the title of *Das Judenthum in der Musik*, Leipzig, J. J. Weber. The most abominable part of creation are the Jews, and all those are Jews who do not worship Herr Richard Wagner, this is about the leading thought of the pamphlet, which, though thin, is running over with venom. It is dedicated to Madame Marie Muchanoff, née Countess Nesselrode, and commences with the complaint "that every one of Wagner's artistic productions always meets, in the daily press, not only of Germany, but also of France and England, with a spirit of hostility exerted for his disparagement." The source of such wide-spreading enmity Wagner has discovered to be a general and regularly organized conspiracy of the Jews against him. We are told that, in consequence of an article ("Das Judenthum in der Musik"), which he published, in 1850, in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*, all the enemies of swine's flesh have become his enemies also, and have ever since striven, in every possible manner, to be revenged upon him. According to his assertion, the article created an immense sensation, though, strange to say, not R. Wagner but "K. Freigedank" was the signature appended to it, and the editor, F. Brendel, never condescended to reveal the real author! It indeed requires all Wagner's self-complacency to believe that the entire world of art, and journalism, is still thinking of a pseudonymous article that appeared in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*, nineteen years ago, and that every annoyance since suffered by him is nothing more nor less than the vengeance of the Jews on his *feuilleton*. I confess that it is only now, through Wagner's own pamphlet, that I knew anything of the article and of its illustrious parentage. The same is probably the case with the majority of my colleagues. But this is what Wagner will never believe; he is convinced, or, at least, pretends that he is (for one really often hesitates considering him so limited in intelligence as, in his pamphlet, he represents himself to be), that all his opponents are merely the sworn instruments bent upon carrying out the behests of a Jewish association formed to be revenged upon him. Though, from these fabulous results, we ought to conclude that the article of "K. Freigedank" is as universally known as Meyerbeer's "Prophet March," which appeared soon afterwards, Wagner considers it advisable to reprint the said article, a resolution for which we feel sincerely grateful.

He commences by attacking the Jews generally. As his object is "the justification of his invincible repugnance to everything Jewish," he of course paints without any light. The outward appearance of the Jew is a "disagreeable whim of Nature," but, by the way, no misfortune for the Jew, because "he feels very comfortable under this misfortune." On the stage, it is impossible "to imagine any character, ancient or modern, represented by a Jew, without involuntarily feeling the absolutely laughable inappropriateness of such an impersonation." (I wonder whether Wagner's Christian mind would really revolt at achieving success through the talent of Bettelheim, Ceillag, or Sontheim?)

The educated Jew is "the most heartless of men, and has relations only with those who need his money." (It is from such relations that Wagner appears to have derived all his knowledge of the educated Jew.) Finally the author enters upon the relations of the Jews to art. "What the educated Jew had to say, when he wished to indulge in artistic utterance, could of course be only that which was unimportant and trivial, since his whole impulse towards art was luxurious and unnecessary." According to Wagner, everything a Jew does, in the way of art, "must necessarily have inherent to it the quality of coldness of indifference, even to triviality and ridiculousness." And what name does he mention immediately after this thesis? No less a one than that of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, or as he, with feigned sensibility says: "Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, so soon taken from us." He asserts that Mendelssohn, despite his talent, could never succeed, not even in one solitary instance, in producing upon us the profound impression, moving both heart and soul, which we expect from him. I think that thousands of my readers will agree with me when I assure Herr Wagner that the simplest of Mendelssohn's songs (not to speak of his

greatest creations) makes its way more surely to "the heart and soul" than ten operas à la "Tristan und Isolde." The reader may easily imagine how loud and vehement Wagner's shouts are after Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer's art, Herr Wagner asserts, consisted only in "deceiving, a feat he accomplished by palming off upon his wearied audience the (Jewish) jargon, which we have already minutely characterized, as the modern and piquant expression of all the trivialities which, in their naked stupidity, had been so often presented to them." For Wagner (who never "deceived" the public for quite forty years with operas like *Les Huguenots*) Meyerbeer is a "tragic-comic phenomenon, as, indeed, generally, that which leaves us cold, that which is laughable" constitutes "the distinguishing feature of Judaism." It would be only when music had fallen into a state of utter coma that Jews could enter into it. "It is not until the inward death of a body becomes manifest that the elements lying outside it gain the power of being their own masters, but merely to decompose the body; thus the flesh of the latter is resolved into a seething many-lived mass of worms." After Heine has been hissed off for his "poetic lies," and Börne applauded, because he worked at the "self-annihilation of Judaism," Wagner returns to the terrible results of his pseudonymous article of the year 1850. He tells us that, owing to the many years Felix Mendelssohn worked there, "Leipzig received the real musical Judaic baptism. Leipzig is exclusively the Jewish musical capital," etc. In this disgusting, low strain, that would do honour to a fanatic mendicant friar, does the entire pamphlet continue. It is in the Jewish musical capital, therefore, that the conspiracy was then organized, "always to ignore Wagner as the author of the article," but, on the other hand, "by systematic calumny and persecution" to punish him in his literary and musical efforts. The first calumniator to come forward, in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, was, we are informed, Professor Bischoff, "a friend and admirer of Herr Ferdinand Hiller." (Strange to say, Hiller is not further ill-treated in the pamphlet, although he has published several admirable and crushing articles on Wagner's theories.) Then the Undersigned appeared with his "Libel" *On the Musically-Beautiful*. Against this denomination I must protest. My essay upon the *Musically-Beautiful* (the value of which Herr Wagner is, of course, at liberty to fix as he pleases) is a thoroughly serious theoretical investigation, a strictly scientific endeavour to test anew and to explain the fundamental notions of musical aesthetics. It has never been regarded as aught else, though the merits of Wagner, as well as those of other composers, are discussed therein. Had I desired to write a libel against Wagner, I should have been able to find another and a more piquant title, in the style of his last pamphlet, as, for instance, *Der Grässenwahninn in der Musik*. That, among the representatives of genuine musical beauty, I mentioned, after Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the Jewish Mendelssohn, so excites Herr Wagner's bile that he is seduced into making the stupid assertion that merely to raise Mendelssohn with a "certain manner upon the throne, I placed a few specimens of Christian nobility, such as Robert Schumann, by his side." It is from the essay, *On the Musically-Beautiful*, that we are told, the whole amount of subsequent misfortune resulted: "The author had attained universal respect, and made himself a position which gave him importance, when he, an aesthetician whom people wonderingly admired, now appeared as critic in the most widely read political paper, and declared my artistic efforts null and void." My "nimbus," he says, also, is the reason that, wherever newspapers are read in the world, one particular tone has become the rule in speaking of him, a tone which Madame Muchanoff, née Countess Nesselrode, has been so astonished to meet with everywhere. I must in return, inform Herr Wagner that he estimates far too highly the influence of my criticisms, and assigns me an amount of importance that I am very far from possessing. Mine is merely one voice amongst many voices, but, be it observed, voices which are independent and the exponents of sincere convictions. Why does not Herr Wagner name our most celebrated musical writer, Otto Jahn, whose criticisms on *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* surpass, in crushing power, all I ever wrote about him? Why does he not name Speidel and Scheller of Vienna, who—though as little Jews as I am myself—have not treated him in a



manner one iota more Christianlike than I have? Very recently, Herr Lübke, the art-historian, spoke with charming humour, in a similar strain of him, being naturally in Stuttgart immediately matriculated a Jew for so doing. Why does not Wagner remember that clever writer, Hinrichs, who, at first, advanced to meet him with warm sympathy, but the longer he wrote and the more carefully he studied Wagner's operas, became colder and colder, so that the "loyal Brendel" would not accept his last articles. But Wagner expressly complains of Adolphe Stahr, and Robert Franz, who, in the summer of 1850, once, "though exactly only once," espoused his cause! I, too, am reproached with the "almost enthusiastic partiality" which I at first felt for him, but which I now feel no longer. My worthy Herr Wagner, the same thing has happened to a great many others. I never denied the strong impression, nor have I ever been ashamed of it, which was produced upon me, when a young student in Dresden, by the dazzling performance of *Tannhäuser*. I sent a notice of it to the *Wiener Musikzeitung*, and, though rather lavish in its praise, that notice exhibited anything but blindness to the numerous weak points in the opera. That, at a period when the name of Richard Wagner was not known in Austria, I happened to be the first who spoke publicly in terms of warm admiration of *Tannhäuser*, is a fact that gives me satisfaction even now.\* My mistake consisted merely in the sanguine belief that, in his subsequent operas, Wagner would raise and refine to clearer and clearer beauty those elements which are full of charm and purport in *Tannhäuser*, and that, at the same time, he would reject what was unmusical, unhealthy, and trivial, though cleverly disguised. The reverse has come to pass; every succeeding opera has become more unmelodious, more wearisome, more noisy, and abstruse. Just in the same way, his pamphlet grows more passionate, more spiteful, and more mendacious at every page. The one lie, my pretended "Judaism," I will overlook, in consideration of the blind rage of a man, who, like the Rabbis in Heine's *Disputation*, always goes about with a small naked knife, in order murderously to hack harmless Christians who may pass him. The second lie does not concern me alone. Wagner asserts, the reader must know, that Theodor Vischer (whom he has the impertinence to dub "an amiable and perfectly blond German Æsthetician"), confided to me the execution of the musical part of his *Æsthetik*, and deduces from this relation of ours to each other fresh conclusions in explanation of my "rapid celebrity," &c. As we must in justice assume that Herr Wagner has had in his hands at least once this *Æsthetik* of Vischer's, since he so depreciates it, it cannot possibly have escaped his notice that the whole of the musical portion (with the exception of a few paragraphs written by Vischer himself), is due to Professor Karl Röstlin, of Tübingen, a man known as a thorough musician and philosopher, and not only no Jew, but actually a Protestant clergyman.

According to Wagner, it is impossible to estimate too highly the incalculable influence, still at work, of the pseudonymous Jew-Article of 1850; he assures us: "What Liszt, too, had to undergo, was attributable to this article!" The reader perceives that Wagner is becoming a perfect child. The "defection" of Joachim (whose truthful, artistic nature could no longer put up with the humbug of the Music of the Future), Wagner also explains as a consequence of the influence exerted by his Jewish shield of Medusa. In Paris and London, moreover, the same "organized conspiracy" existed against him (of course, people there had nothing more pressing to do than to read the *Leipziger Musikzeitung* of 1850). He accounts for the universal antipathy with which he met in London, "by the peculiar character of the English religion, which is based more upon the Old than upon the New Testament." After having thus waged war with the papers, Wagner, not abandoning his fixed idea for a single moment, proceeds to attack theatrical managers. "You already perceive," he says, apostrophizing Madame Muchanoff, *née* Countess Nesselrode, "that, while my former operas made their way into nearly all German theatres, each of my

more recent works meets with a sluggish, nay, hostilely rejectful behaviour in the self-same theatres; the fact is, my earlier works had forced their way upon the stage before the *Jewish agitation*, and their success could not be greatly affected."\* Such an explanation can emanate only from a person completely blinded by vanity, who never seeks in himself the cause of a failure, but always solely in the intrigues of others. Every theatrical manager who understands his business (leaving out of consideration the fact of his possessing any especial feeling for art) will be eager to produce novelties by a composer who has already written two or three operas which have successfully kept their places on the stage. In consequence of the unusual dearth of new German operas, a theatrical manager will even make many a sacrifice to secure such novelties. If, in spite of this, he does not venture on them, he must have come to the conviction that they do not hold out the promise of success, or, at least, not of such a success as will repay him for his trouble and expense. When warm advocates of *Tannhäuser* protest against music like that in *Tristan und Isolde*, the reason of their so doing exists wholly and solely in *Tristan und Isolde* itself, and when a theatrical manager asserts he can cast and get up *Der fliegende Holländer* and *Lohengrin* tolerably well, but could never manage *Die Meistersinger* or *Die Nibelungen*, here again the blame rests solely and wholly with *Die Nibelungen* and *Die Meistersinger*. It is not every theatre which, like the Royal Operahouse, Munich, can maintain an expensive clinical staff of accoucheurs simply for Richard Wagner. Wagner allows himself to be so carried away by his passion as to make the exceedingly impertinent assertion that he perceived, in his correspondence with the persons at the head of the Court Operahouses in Vienna and Berlin, "from the dodges employed by them, that it was not merely their wish not to be under the necessity of producing the *Meistersinger*, but, moreover, to hinder its being given at other theatres." As regards the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, I am in a position to assure Herr Wagner of the contrary. The management was only waiting for permission to make the most necessary cuts, and very rightly, for no sensible manager would ever inflict upon his public an opera of such preposterous and somniferous length. Wagner, however, takes some credit to himself for the fact "that he has now made certain stipulations never previously considered necessary for his permission to produce a new work." The "mingling of the Jewish element in our artistic affairs" appears in this case, therefore, to emanate from himself, I think.—After giving Fröbel (who has broken so many lances in his defence) a kick, as he goes by, Wagner suddenly stumbles over the name of Robert Schumann. Of course, something injurious must be said of him—but it is not so easy to do so. . . . All right! Wagner has hit upon it. "Compare," he says to Madame Muchanoff, *née* Countess von Nesselrode, "the Robert Schumann of the first half of his productivity with the Robert Schumann of the second: there plastic fashioning impulse; here, a subsiding into bombastic flatness." And what is the reason of this! Was not it, as we previously thought, Schumann's nervous illness and the overclouding of his mind, which soon met with so fearful a conclusion in his tragic end? Not a bit of it! Wagner assures us that the reason of the decline in Schumann's productive power must be sought in the influence exerted "by the mingling of the Jewish element." Up to this point the predominant feeling excited by the pamphlet is one of ridiculousness, but this feeling is now converted into absolute disgust. We shut the repulsive book, which will hardly gain its author many friends, or create many enemies for the Jews. As a guide to Wagner's character, it possesses only a psychological interest. In it unbounded self-adoration has attained a height, on which a man with his brains in healthy working order could never breathe. We are involuntarily compelled to think of R. Wagner's predecessor in the Old Testament,—King Nabuchodonazzar, who believed so long that he was a god, that he turned himself into a mere ordinary ox, eat hay, and was set to music by Verdi.

EDUARD HANSLIK.

\* I pleaded also for the performance of *Die Meistersinger* in Vienna, not that I considered it a masterpiece, but because of all the German operas which have been produced for some time past, it is the most interesting and most original, and, therefore, the public ought not to be deprived of the chance of becoming acquainted with it.

\* This Jewish chronological calculation is not applicable to Vienna. *Tannhäuser* was not given at the Imperial Operahouse before 1859, and *Lohengrin* not before 1858.



## MUSICAL LETTERS BY DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

NEW SERIES.\*

## II.

(Concluded from page 248.)

It is superfluous to speak of the genial power, vigour, and mastery, characterizing the creator of the *Messiah*. But his art has its blemishes, and of a truth, they are not small. They may be summed up in one word. Handel was a mannerist; a magnificent, a stupendous genius, but yet a mannerist. Connected for the greater part of his life with Italian opera (which he did not give up, but which left him in the lurch), he had become so identified with its standing forms, with its concessions to virtuosity, with its demands for speediness of production, that, even at the epoch when he soared highest, he could not completely shake off the habits of so many years. His choral compositions, the seeds of which were sown in the fertile soil of his German studies, profited by the Italian vocal element. But the grand air with its broad first part, and with its short second part, and with its everlasting *da capo*, with its prelude, and its interlude, and its *bravura* embellishments, always similar to each other, all this was something he could not, or would not, give up—the exceptions, which are certainly brilliant, proving the rule. And his great fertility, which was aided by these permanent forms, is to be explained also by the fact that he returns more than any very great composer to the same figures, rhythms, melismata, cadences, and so on. I was nearly adding, to the same frame of mind, to the same character, to the same style of writing in the separate movements, but I dread being unjust.—Handel went to his work with all the abundant store of a soul overflowing with music—it is evident that he did not stand much upon trifles, especially in his airs. If the words took a firm hold of him, he could, despite all existing models, be magnificent—if they left him cold, he would, at any rate, write something with a head and a tail to it. It is always rather a ticklish matter to ascribe too subtle intentions to a fiery mind of this description, as Gervinus does. But, on the other hand, genius sometimes intuitively creates things of which, so to say, it has itself not thought. Explanations and interpretations must not, however, be pushed so far as absolutely to be contrary to what really exists. Yet to this length do the extreme Handelites go, and where the manifest, though not intentional, untruth commences, a protest must be entered against it. In the opinion of these individuals, Handel made the personages of his dramas permanent musical characters, he described musically periods and countries—there exist innumerable examples to prove that he never thought of such a thing. Where shall we find a more inviting opportunity for an attempt at characteristic description than in the meeting of individuals of opposite natures? But, in their duets, Dalilah and Samson, Juno and the God of Sleep, the Philistine Harapha and Samson, sing the same things—the composer is satisfied with expressing the situation generally, and with interweaving musically the different voices. Semele manifests, according to Gervinus, her frivolous vanity by four *bravura* airs—but, in addition to these, she has three airs, which, as far as regards the sense of the words, might be sung by the most pious Jewish maidens. *Herakles*, which is supposed to approach most nearly to Greek tragedy, has polyphonic, and partly fugued, choruses, which would be equally appropriate in *Saul*. Handel is one of the most subjective of all composers—he has his strains and his songs for devotion and heroism, for joy and lamentation, for flattery, and defiance, and love—but he is always the same great old master, whose individuality becomes unmistakably evident after the first few bars. He is, and always will be, greatest, most powerful, and most objective

\* From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

in his mighty choruses, and we may with certainty affirm that without these his oratorios would be quite as much forgotten as, despite certain splendid pieces, his operas have been and will continue to be.

In a contribution to the aesthetics of music, even though the author should assert that he has found everything in Handel, the other musical heroes of Germany would necessarily, one would think, be mentioned in a proper tone of appreciation. Not at all. Bach, who, in his solitary grandeur, displayed far higher artistic dignity than Handel, is not popular enough to please the Handel-worshippers—for a very little, they would drive him down from the musical Parnassus, to do nothing but play the organ and practice counterpoint. Of Gluck, whom Handel despised, they cannot, of course, from a mere feeling of reverence to the latter, think much. Yet Gluck raised opera to a height of which, before him, no one had an idea, and, beside his compositions of this kind, Handel's works for the stage make a very pitiful appearance. Of Mozart, Gervinus quotes a few airs—and speaks of his talent for elegiac music. For *Figaro* he has found, somewhere or other, the expression, "music of intrigue" (*Intriguenmusik*), and employs it with great gusto. In this "music of intrigue," however, Mozart has presented the world with a work of such unexpected novelty, and such perfect beauty, as no composer either before or after him has equalled. Gervinus absolutely puts in print the monstrous question: How would Mozart, Gluck, Meyerbeer, and Wagner fare, if they were withdrawn from the stage, and presented, in the concert-room, in a dress-coat and yellow kid gloves? It is really not necessary to reply that there exists no costume in which Mozart has not been played and sung, and that Gluck still lives upon the stage, which is saying more than that he is effective in the concert-room. Meyerbeer and Wagner, however, will tell us that every work of art belongs to the place for which it was created.

The title of Gervinus's book, *Händel und Shakspeare*, is only partially justified in the last chapter. Gervinus places his two favourites side by side, contemplates them with the eye of the literary historian, of the biographer, of the poetical and musical critic, and finds similarities between them in their similarities and dissimilarities. On this point, I will not presume to give an opinion—but I think, with all submission, that, had it pleased Gervinus to select some other poet, say, Schiller, for instance, his keen perception would have been quite as successful in establishing parallels.

It is, however, a gratifying fact that, in this age of rifled cannon and of plundered\*—but, I must not say all that I mean—there should be published books like this one by Gervinus, and that you should place at my disposal the columns of your paper, which are devoted to the pressing interests of the day, to descend upon it at such an unbecoming and extravagant length. Receive as my thanks the assurance that I have passed over in silence much more than I have uttered, without, on that account, making the least pretension to be considered "master of style."

BOLOGNA.—Rossini's *Messa Solenne* has been most successfully given, despite the fact that the artists entrusted with the principal parts were not equal to the task.

ANTWERP.—Fragments from Mendelssohn's *Christus* were performed at the third and last concert given this season by the Circle Artistique. The programme included, also, a "Stabat Mater," and a "Noël," by M. Gounod, and two movements from one of Haydn's symphonies.

\* The original is: "in der Zeit der gezogenen Kanonen und ungezogenen." The play upon the words, "gezogenen" and "ungezogenen," it is utterly impossible to render literally. Not to lose the joke altogether I have given it another turn—for which I trust I shall not incur the censure of the genial and accomplished author.—TRANSLATOR.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The event of last week was the return of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, for whose first appearance under the joint direction of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson *Linda di Chamouni* was selected. The merits and characteristics of the Hungarian lady's impersonation of the heroine in Donizetti's best Viennese opera are well known, and, indeed, were so fully discussed, not only when she first essayed the part before a London audience, but very lately in the course of Mr. Mapleson's winter season at this same theatre, that little or nothing remains to add to what has already been written on the subject. Mdlle. de Murska, who was received with marked favour, appears to have lost nothing of her recent effort to gain for herself a position in the esteem of connoisseurs at the Paris Opera Italien, similar to that which she has for some years enjoyed in Vienna and in London. On the contrary, her voice is fresher than it was last November; and, exhibiting, as she will in all probability never fail to exhibit henceforth, certain peculiarities that provoke comment, her general execution is more facile and her singing altogether more even. In *Linda's* "cavatina," which terminates with the light and sparkling quick movement, "O luce di quest'anima," she displayed even more than her accustomed fluency and easy command of the higher notes of the register, while in the air with variations by Proch, which she again introduced in place of the original *finale*, her entire and ready command of florid execution was as astonishing as on any former occasion, and brought down the curtain amid unanimous applause. In the duets with Carlo, Pierotto, and the Marquis de Boisfleur, in the scene of delirium engendered by Pierotto's disclosure to Linda of the actual truth of her position, and elsewhere, Mdlle. de Murska both sang and acted as she has sung and acted on previous occasions, showing herself a phenomenon—by which we mean something quite out of the common way. Carlo, Linda's lover, was represented by Signor Naudin, who, warmly welcomed, sang his very best, in order to evince his appreciation of so frank a public recognition; Pierotto, her Savoyard friend and confidant, found a skilful representative in Mdlle. Scalchi, whose mellow contralto voice is well suited to the music; Signor Ciampi played the part of the Marquis—comically, after his manner; and Signor Bagagiolo (to the great advantage of the concerted music) took that of the Prefect, who warns Linda of her peril. But side by side with Mdlle. de Murska's Linda must again be placed the Antonio of Mr. Santley, which—being just a little toned down in the great scene where the father, under a wrong impression, curses the daughter from whom he had unknowingly solicited alms—is even finer, better worked out, and more completely satisfactory than before. Purer singing than this gentleman's in the romance, "Ambo nati in questa valle," could hardly be imagined; but his entire performance was as nearly as possible beyond reproach; and this, to judge by the applause, was the conviction of the audience. *Linda di Chamouni* was conducted by Signor Li Calsi.

We have also had the irrepressible *Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Tietjens as Leonora, Mdlle. Scalchi as Azucena, Signor Mongini as Manrico, Signor Foll as Ferrando, and Mr. Santley as Di Luna. About this no more need be said than that the house was full; that Signor Arditi was at the head of the orchestra, and that encores were awarded to Mr. Santley, in "Il balen del suo sorriso;" to Signor Mongini, in "Ah si ben mio;" and to Mdlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini, in "Miserere."

To invent a new phrase for *Il Trovatore* is beyond our capability. About the *Huguenots*, moreover (the third opera produced last week), what is there new to say? Mdlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini, as Valentine and Raoul de Nangis, are as familiar as household words. Their admirable performance in the splendidly dramatic duet which follows the "Benediction of the Swords," however, may at least claim a word of recognition—though the applause it obtained from a crowded audience was recompense enough. Another striking display was that of Mdlle. Tietjens and Signor Bagagiolo (a Marcel with a genuine bass voice) in the exciting duet where Valentine warns Marcel of the treachery intended by her father and his associates against Raoul. Signor Bagagiolo as yet lacks the essential dramatic experience for the adequate representation of so purely dramatic a character as Marcel, but he atones for this in a great measure by his excellent singing almost throughout. His "Piff paff" wanted more spirit, but it was in tune; and that is not too frequently the case. Mdlle. Vanzini played Urbain, and thus the charming air, "Nobil Signor salute," was heard as written for a *soprano* voice. The other air, "No, no, no," added expressly by Meyerbeer for Madame Alboni, was of course originally intended for *contralto*. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska gives a prominence to the florid music of Queen Margaret (the beauty of which has never, in our opinion, since the accomplished Madame Bosio assumed the character, been sufficiently recognized) only practicable to an exceptional voice and exceptional capabilities. Her co-operation, not for the first time, gave unwonted importance to the general cast, which was further strengthened by Mr. Santley representing St. Bris, the music of which since Tamburini consented to undertake the part has never been

sung with such admirable emphasis and point. Signor Tagliafico was the Nevers with whom we have long been pleasantly familiarized; Mdlle. Baumeister played the principal "Lady of Honour," and the solos of the Huguenot soldier, in the "Rataplan," were sung by Signor Marino. The orchestra and chorus were almost all that could be wished, Signor Arditi being at the conductor's desk. (Signor Arditi, by the way, should have exerted his authority as "Director of the Music" against any interference with Meyerbeer's ballet-music.) There was a crowded house, as seldom fails to be the case at the first performance of this magnificent lyric drama.

On Saturday, *Linda di Chamouni* was repeated. On Monday, the *Huguenots*, and on Tuesday *Fidelio* were given, each for the second time. ("Willing horses," and no misunderstanding, are Mdlle. Tietjens and Mr. Santley!) About the first performance of *Il Flauto Magico*, which took place on Thursday, we must speak "eight days hence." *Il Flauto* is to be repeated to-night, and again on Monday. ("Willing horses" are Mdlle. Tietjens and Mr. Santley!) The two companies are now at least beginning to combine their respective strengths.

## WAGNER AT THE THÉÂTRE LYRIQUE.

(From an Englishman in Paris.)

Wagner's freshly-produced, but in reality old, opera, *Rienzi*, has had a *succès de curiosité*. Of all the theatres in Paris the Lyrique should have been the last to bring out an opera with very few pretensions to melody, and the greater part of which is a deafening clang of kettle-drums and brass instruments, tuneless as a sheet-iron tea-tray. Music such as Pergolese, Mozart, and Rossini understood is symbolical of that Utopian state of society dreamt of by Plato, in which the passions part company from the voices. Wagner's operas are the image of the social discord in which we so unhappily live. Judged by an æsthetic standard, it is false, like every other form of realism in art. But the world has so long lived on lies, that I am far from denying its utility. Hitherto, few but the privileged sons of fortune or people depending on them for their bread have been able to make their voices heard. It was, as the Americans would say, only the men having "a good time of it," that had the power to speak. They, of course, even when they did not fear the being some day turned out of their snug berths by the miserable crowd below, preached and sang that everything was for the best in the best of worlds. Artists, who naturally take refuge in the ideal from the wretchedness of things real, had no trouble in painting pictures and composing music chiming in with the social and political fictions which were set up as *faits accomplis*. The uses of realism are to enable society to get into a state analogous to that one described by theologians as the awakening of the sinner to a sense of the filthiness of his rage, and to a deep conviction of the danger in which he stands of losing his soul's salvation. The fruit of this conviction is, first, repentance; and the fruits of repentance are peace and joy, or a condition of moral beauty and purity, of which true art is the material symbol. But as the process of conversion is said to be a painful one, so are the pictures of realists and the compositions of Wagner sources of torture to the cultivated eye and to the tuneless ear. I can sympathize with those anti-Wagnerians who rushed out of the Lyrique before even the clangour of a monster orchestra was at its height, and sought relief for their offended ears by looking for a *Café Chantant*, where a popular song was to be heard. No wonder some others called out that the catastrophe of the Place de la Sorbonne was set to music, and that the grand explosion of picaresque of potassium would terminate the act. There are here and there passages in *Rienzi* which have just missed being something. But whatever contemporaneous laurels Wagner may live to earn from a generation needing realism, the zest of his opera, or I am a false prophet, will be only known in future ages to a few book-worms. They will take cognizance of it as one of the means by which that power shaping the ends of peoples holds up the glass before the naughty child Humanity, to convince it of the ugliness of its contorted visage, after teaching it through artists enamoured of the beautiful, towards what goal every society should turn its steps.

Paris, April 10.

MILAN.—Signor Filippo Marchetti's new opera, *Ruy Blas*, was successfully produced at the Scala on the 3rd inst. The four "hits" are the romance of the soprano in the second act; the duet for soprano and tenor, in the third act; the duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone, and the last scene of all. The principal parts were well sustained by Signore Benza, Poch, Signori Tiberini and Rota. The composer was called on nineteen times.—*L'Indovina*, by Signor Buzzi, was successfully produced, on the 8th inst., at the Carcano. The principal parts were sustained by Signore Rosa Fiorentini Marangoni, Sofia di Montello, Signori Harvin, Morelli, Perkins, and Molla.



## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(From a Contemporary.)

The old Philharmonic Society has abandoned the Hanover Square Rooms for St. James's Hall, and now at somewhat reduced prices appeals to a much more numerous and a much less exclusive public. The step would seem to have been, for more than one reason, inevitable; and if only on account of the good that it has been doing on behalf of healthy art for considerably more than half a century, every true lover of music must wish the society all success in its new quarters. The first two concerts augured well for the future. Mr. W. G. Cusins, who may be said by this time to have established his claim to consideration as a conductor of real ability, is again at the head of the fine orchestra which has already done him so much credit—an orchestra comprising in its ranks many of our best instrumental performers, with the eminent violinist, Herr Ludwig Straus, as principal first violin, or *chef d'attaque*. The symphonies at the first concert were Woelfl's in G minor and Mendelssohn's in A minor (the "Scotch"). Of the latter we need say nothing. The former, by the composer of *No plus Ultra*, *Le Diable à Quatre*, and other famous works for the pianoforte—contemporary and rival of Clementi, Dussek, Steibelt, and John Cramer—would appear to have been written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, in whose library it has remained hidden since 1815. It is an interesting and masterly work, in the solid school of Haydn and Mozart, without showing the melodious invention of either of those men of genius, but admirably constructed, and making up in spirit for what it lacks in marked originality. Under all circumstances it was welcome, and should encourage the directors in bringing out another orchestral work of the same kind which Clementi is known to have composed also for the society. Both symphonies were extremely well played, that of Mendelssohn obtaining, however, by far the greater amount of applause. Anything new or unknown is almost invariably regarded with suspicion by the Philharmonic audience. Nevertheless, Woelfl's symphony deserved a much more cordial welcome than it actually obtained. The overtures at this concert were Weber's *Euryanthe* and Cherubini's *Lodoiska*, both preludes to operas, as every musician is aware—the first as fiery and independent as the last is flowing, pure, and "classical."

When it is stated that the concerto was Beethoven's for violin, and its excellent Joseph Joachim, we have said quite enough to convey a full notion of the music, the performance, and the enthusiasm created by both. In the second part Herr Joachim introduced one of the small pieces from Schumann's *Zweites Album* (arranged by the Hungarian violinist himself for violin and orchestra), followed by the *Loure* and *Presto* from J. S. Bach's sonata in E major, the *Loure* unaccompanied, but the *Presto* with the orchestral accompaniments added by Bach when it was used as a sort of overture to the *Cantate bei der Rathwahl zu Leipzig*. These were as heartily received as the concerto had been; for, indeed, whatever Herr Joachim plays, he plays with such true earnestness that, however unpretending, it derives from such playing a value independent of its own; and this it is to be a really great artist. The singers at the first concert were Mdlle. Anna Regan (pupil of Madame Unger Sabatier), a young lady with a sweet-toned and seemingly flexible soprano, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, our rising tenor. To the former were assigned "Non mi dir" (*Don Giovanni*), and an aria ("Pur dicesti o becca bella"), by Antonio Lotti—a composer of the Venetian school, who was born in 1660 and died in 1740 (15 years before Handel), and who was famous not merely on his own account, but as the teacher of Marcello; to Mr. Rigby was confided the hackneyed air from *Faust*, "Salve dimorah," the *obbligato* part in which was undertaken by Mr. Viotti Collins, who, in the temporary absence of Herr Straus, assumed the post of leading violin in the orchestra.

The programme of the second concert is subjoined:—

PART I.			
Symphony (No. 2) in C	...	...	Schumann
Recit. e Aria, "Che farò senza Euridice"	...	...	Gluck
Concerto in G minor	...	...	Mendelssohn
Recit. e Aria, "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata"	...	...	Mozart
Overture, "The Wedding of Camacho"	...	...	Mendelssohn
PART II.			
Symphony (No. 8) in F	...	...	Beethoven
Song, "Marguerite"	...	...	Schubert
Overture, "Zauberflöte"	...	...	Mozart

Schumann's symphony ("No. 2," or "No. 3," it matters little which) was better played and better received than on the occasion of its first performance at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1864. About the composition itself we have nothing new to say. Each fresh hearing confirms our early impression that it is on the whole the best of Schumann's four symphonies, containing more beauties and fewer inequalities than the others. That its most melodious feature, however, which first appears as an episode in the *finale* and is subsequently combined with the *coda* of that movement, is almost directly taken from a theme belonging to the *Liederkreis* of Beethoven is undeniable. It may have been Schumann's intention to recall this beautiful phrase; and yet one hardly can believe that, had such been the case, he would have rejected so very much of it, and modified the rest, so as to spoil it, as he has done. That he has introduced it very effectively, and made excellent use of it towards the end must be admitted. And, indeed, much more than this would be cheerfully admitted in favour of this symphony, as of other works by Schumann, but for the tone assumed by his wholesale panegyrists. For example, in the very interesting and instructive "analytical and historical programme," with which

Mr. Macfarren supplies the Philharmonic Society at each concert, we find, with reference to a point in the *finale* of the symphony under notice, such a sentence as the following:—

"The entanglement of the triple and duple measures peculiar to the several subjects has a multitudinous effect, which sounds like a concentration of all the powers of which music is capable."

After this, what language can fitly describe the grandest choral climaxes of Handel, or the most colossal strokes in the "Eroica" and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven? However, to quit disputation, Schumann's symphony in C was welcome, and will be welcome again, whether at the Philharmonic Concerts, at those of the Crystal Palace, where Schumann has the advantage of another zealous and enthusiastic historiographer, or elsewhere? But why not let him speak for himself? We have little doubt that by this means he would make easier and more frequent converts. A far greater natural genius than Robert Schumann—Franz Schubert, who was Schumann's especial idol—is just now incurring the risk of meeting with some honestly antagonistic criticism, through similar indiscretion on the part of his admirers, or rather worshippers, *quand même*.

The second symphony at this concert, the No. 8 of Beethoven, was quite another affair. Say what one may, one can hardly say too much of a thing of such perennial beauty and freshness, a stream of melody from one end to the other, each movement an original creation, and the four movements combined making a plastic and captivating whole. This, too, was finely executed under the steady and careful guidance of Mr. Cusins, and the *allegretto scherzando* in B flat (so constant and popular a feature at the concerts of the late M. Jullien) encored and repeated.

The overture to Mendelssohn's youthful Berlin opera, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, though a pianoforte arrangement of it, and in fact of the entire work, has existed in print for nearly forty years, was never publicly heard in England till the other day—at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. Its performance by the Philharmonic orchestra was, therefore, the second. As the composition of a mere boy, this overture is extraordinary; but without taking into consideration the age at which it was produced, it is original, spirited, symmetrically planned and admirably developed, which, remembering in what glowing terms Mendelssohn's instructor, Zelter, in a letter to Goethe, speaks of the overture to *Der Onkel aus Boston*, a comic opera in three acts, of still earlier date (written when its composer was in his 14th year), need surprise no one. *The Hochzeit des Camacho* has never been played at any theatre since April 29th, 1827, when it was given under many unfavourable circumstances, at the Hof-Theatre, Berlin; but those acquainted with even the pianoforte score alone can testify that the whole opera will bear a hearing. Mr. Macfarren says of the overture that it must be regarded "rather as a promise than a fulfilment;"—true, but what a promise, and how richly fulfilled! As it stands it is far better than 19 overtures out of 20 produced since Mendelssohn's death in the land of Mendelssohn's birth. The performance by the Philharmonic orchestra was vigorous, but somewhat coarse. Far better was that of Mozart's unequalled *Zauberflöte*, taken in excellent time, and, though played while the audience were departing, played none the less carefully on that account.

Madame Schumann threw all her fire and energy into Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto—his "Munich Concerto," as he used to call it, which we have never heard her play better. That she was called back to the platform at the end of her performance will readily be understood. There were two singers. About Miss Goetze, a contralto, to whom was allotted the familiar air from Gluck's *Orfeo*, as we never heard her till now, we refrain from expressing any decided opinion. The difficult and trying recitative and air from *Don Giovanni* (the grand display of Donna Elvira—one of the "appendix songs") was assigned to Miss Edith Wynne, who also sang Schubert's characteristic ballad, accompanied by Mr. Cusins on the pianoforte. In the air of Mozart Miss Wynne showed that the highest models of dramatic song were easily within her reach; in the last, which we do not remember to have heard her essay before, she left something to desire—something of the passion she throws into the same composer's "Young Nun."

NAPLES.—According to report, the Collegio di Musica is to be entirely remodelled, so as to render it in some degree worthy its ancient reputation.

BRUSSELS.—Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* has been executed at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. Madame Alboni was greatly applauded. The "Salutaris" and the "Sanctus" were encored. The theatre was not crowded.

BRESLAU.—Herr Nachbaur, the tenor from Munich, is about to give a short round of performances. Among the operas in which he will appear will be *Les Huguenots*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Le Brasseur de Preston*.—Herr Stockhausen took part in the twelfth concert given by the Orchestral Association. The programme comprised the following works: Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; Air, S. Bach; "March of Pilgrims" from the *Harold* Symphony, H. Berlioz; Air from *Susannah*, Handel; Songs, Schumann; and the "Pastoral Symphony" Beethoven. Herr Stockhausen sang, also, at the twelfth Soirée for Chamber Music, the *Liederkreis* by Beethoven, and Songs, by Schubert and Schumann.



## MUSIC IN AUSTRIA.

(From the Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph.")

The last great event of the Vienna musical season for 1868-9 came off yesterday at the Imperial Redouten Saal, in the presence of such an audience as it would be difficult to gather together in any other European capital. Even London, with five times Vienna's population, would, I imagine, be put to sore straits were it called upon to assemble in a public concert-room between two and three thousand persons of both sexes, amongst whom scarcely a dozen outsiders, so far as music is concerned, are to be detected, and of whom more than two-thirds are professional musicians, composers, executants, or critics. The last rehearsal of the important work performed on this occasion by the "Society of the Friends of Music," which I attended, and to which the inner circle of our musical world was invited by special ticket, presented a spectacle at once remarkable and gladdening to the heart of a true philharmonic. Besides the powerful orchestra and chorus, in all some four hundred strong, there were at least seven hundred ladies and gentlemen distributed over the galleries and body of the hall when I entered it, eagerly waiting for the first wave of Herbeck's bâton. I may safely assert that they were all, *sans exception*, sisters and brethren of the craft. Threading his way restlessly backwards and forwards in and out amongst the thronged benches, upon each of which he found some musical acquaintance anxious to press his hand, was to be seen a tall, spare figure, clad in priestly garments and bareheaded—the hero of the day, now a meek and pious servant of Holy Mother Church, once the wildest of enthusiasts in "life," the adored of princesses, countesses, and duchesses, with a head, they say, that would have matched Horne Took in the capacity for after-dinner victories. Those long, nervous, eager fingers that used to sweep the keys with a tempest of chords, and wrest forth handfuls of harmonies from the vibrating strings, are now-a-days—at least, so says holy report—chiefly occupied in telling rosaries and turning over the leaves of Church breviaries; that wild, eccentric genius that was wont to sport with the gravest theories and to astound the world with surely the strangest freaks that ever tone-poet indulged in, has bowed itself humbly before a solemn and pedantic corporation, consenting to wear the fetters of a code, and to devote his pinioned powers to the illustration of one single conventional subject. Bondage, of whatever kind, is sure to tell fatally upon inspiration. I have heard the two grand masses which constitute the chief compositions of the Abbé Liszt since his assumption of holy orders, and must unwillingly confess them to be dull, laboured, and arid productions, relieved but rarely by a flash of the old fire that used to sparkle from every feature and joint of the master's creations. Moreover, loss of liberty has beaten down the fierce spirit of the great Hungarian, and induced him to undergo the humiliation of plagiarism, or at least of imitation. He has shrouded the beauties of his fitful genius in the dark and gloomy mantle of Wagnerism—whole pages of his later works are mere paraphrases of *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and the *Flying Dutchman*. No one could recognize the genial author of the "*Transcriptions*" in the mournful mysticist who penned the Hungarian Coronation Mass, or *St. Elizabeth*. There is little more of common between the Liszt of former days and the Reverend Father Francis than there is between Ariel and a hooded familiar of the Holy Inquisition. Where is all the airy lightness of manner, the dainty fretwork of ornamentation, delight of the ear and despair of the fingers, the magical modulations that glowed like an aurora borealis of sound over his exuberant effusions; where the elfish and yet touching fragments of melody that were ever strewn with no stinting hand over the wildest wastes of his musical dreamland? All vanished and gone—replaced by a system of enharmonic self-maceration, by a torture-chamber full of musical racks and thumb-screws, by a method of jolting, painful, and unnatural transitions that wound the senses and distress the reason of those to whom they are imparted. All colour and tenderness, curve and suavity, fled for ever; nothing remaining but the crooked, deformed skeleton of sound—the dainty flowers and burnished leaves quite withered up and dead, and the gnarled, sapless branches creaking grimly and inharmoniously. No longer the lighthearted "czikos" sporting on the broad green "Puszta," rejoicing in the birds, the blossoms, the fresh, free wind cooled by the Carpathian snows, but a rheumatic grave-digger, sorting a heap of decaying bones in a dismal churchyard, by the pale light of a lantern. Such are the impressions left upon even his fervent admirers by Liszt's recent compositions, of which, undoubtedly, *St. Elizabeth* is the most important in dimensions as well as design.

*Die heilige Elisabeth*, or *St. Elizabeth*, is neither an opera, an oratorio, nor a cantata, but a mixture of all three. It might, perhaps, be more fitly called a miracle set to music; for the point upon which the whole signification of its plot turns is the celebrated conversion, by special Divine interposition, of a pannier full of eatables and drinkables into a basketful of roses, in order to redeem Elizabeth's word, or, in fact, to save her from being detected by her husband in a falsehood. The tradition is pretty enough, although the moral which it conveys is, to say the least of it, somewhat shady—e.g., "Be good, virtuous, charitable, and regular in your devotions; and some day, when it suits your purpose to tell a lie, heaven will step in with a miracle to get you out of your scrape by proving that you told the truth." Thus runs the story.

Elizabeth, daughter of King Andrew II. of Hungary, married Louis, Landgraf of Thüringen, and by him had two children. She was a very pious and amiable person, earnestly given to doing good by stealth, and the most eminent cottage

visitant of her period. Her husband was a Prince of the good old middle-aged pattern, reasonably fond of his wife, more so of his flagon, and immoderately so of his hawks, hounds, and all other accessories of the chase. One day, as the Landgräfin was dragging a heavy hamper, filled with good things, from the Wartburg pantry, up the side of a hill near her castle, she was suddenly encountered by her husband, who happened to be following the roe in that direction, and who, having for some time entertained the suspicion that her frequent solitary excursions were made for no good purpose, asked her whither she was going and what she had got in the big basket that she vainly endeavoured to conceal from him. Terrified lest he might disapprove her for disposing of his property in a furtive manner, she replied that she had been gathering roses by the way-side, and had strayed beyond the usual limits of her daily walk—moreover, that her basket contained the roses she had plucked, and nothing more. Upon this, the Landgraf reproved her for making such a fuss about a few trumpery flowers, and asked to see the roses. She fell at his feet, imploring pardon for the deception she had tried to practise upon him, and confessed that she had viands for a poor sick man in the basket, but had been afraid to confess her pious pillage of the larder. "See!" said she, lifting the white cloth she had cast over the comestibles; and lo! the basket was full of freshly-plucked roses, whilst, at the very same moment, a small glory or *auréole* descended from the skies, and lighted on her brow. "Roses!" exclaimed the Landgraf; "roses, after all! why, then, you must be a saint, and I must give up the fallacious joys of field-sports for some other recreation more suitable to the husband of so remarkable a personage!" No sooner said than done; in those days, from slaying partridges to slaughtering Paynims was an easy step, and one highly respectable to boot—so Lord Louis started forth with for the Crusades, malgré the entreaties of his saintly lady, who was enabled, in virtue of her newly-acquired powers, to foresee confidently that he would never return from the Holy Land. Nor did he; for some months after his departure came the news that the "turbaned Turk" had been too many for him, and that he had succumbed to the scimitar without having had time to make any testamentary dispositions whatever. The laws of succession must have been in a pretty state about that time, for, on learning the sad intelligence of her son's death, the old Landgräfin, Sophia, who, not being a pious person herself, and therefore wholly incapable of performing miracles, had always hated her daughter-in-law for her goodness and her "gift," incontinently turned St. Elizabeth and her two children out of the Wartburg, in as nasty a night—judging from Liszt's music, at least—as could have been selected for so cruel a proceeding by the hardest of hearts. The seneschal, a good-natured, weak-minded tool of the old lady, ventures to say a word or two in mitigation of the stern sentence, but is promptly sent to the rightabout with such vigour that he subsides into obedience, and thrusts Elizabeth out of the castle gates. She takes refuge in a lonely mountain hut, where she continues for some time to perform more miracles, and ultimately, her children having been taken away from her to be brought up in a manner befitting their birth, dies, lamented by all the poor of the neighbourhood and a special choir of angels, detached from the celestial host for that purpose. Presently, Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the German and Holy Roman Empire, sends for her body, which he, in the presence of all his lords and palatines, buries solemnly with great pomp and ceremony.

This story, clumsily and harshly told in halting verse by Otto Roquette, has Franz Liszt overlaid with the grimmest mystical garments ever worn by simple legend. In the introductory episode, the betrothal of Elizabeth, he gives a song to a Hungarian magnate, who accompanies the youthful princess to her new home, and consigns her to the arms of her bridegroom—a song that might appropriately be christened "the stomach-ache of sound." This unfortunate magnate is made to utter sentiments of the most pleasing and congratulatory nature in strains that are even physically painful. Each complimentary phrase commences with a contortion and finishes in a groan, varied by a yell. Close upon the heels of this tortured melody, comes a chorus of children offering flowers and playthings to the baby bride. Were it not for the words, "Fröhliche Spiele, sannen wir aus, bringen Dir viele Blumen zum Strauss," &c., you would fancy you heard the vociferations of a band of imps at play with red-hot coals, sulphur marbles, miniature pitchforks, and other such devilish toys; whilst every now and then Cerberus barks with delight at their ghastly gambols.

The second part opens with a stirring hunting song, one of the best numbers in the whole *Mystery*. It is not particularly original or melodious, for that matter—but it is fresh, sylvan, and admirably scored for the orchestra—the voice playing quite a subordinate part (*à la Wagner*) to the instruments. French horns, ophicleids, and trombones, have here a brilliant opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and are so admirably sustained and thrown into relief by the strings that the effect of the *ensemble* is exceedingly agreeable to the ear. Then follows the meeting on the hillside, and the conversation between the suspicious husband and the charitable wife, culminating in the miracle. The whole of this episode reminds one vividly of the colloquy taking place between Knight Walter and Eva Pogner in the first act of the *Meisteringer*. Nothing can be more dry and laboured, or less emotional, not to say natural. The Landgraf's astonishment upon discovering that the remains of his dinner have been changed into roses, is expressed in much the sort of musical phrase that might be uttered by a *fânéur* if he trod upon a toad, or by a *bon vivant* detecting a spider in his soup. A chorus, which happens to be at hand, why or how nobody knows, expatiates upon the miracle just achieved in a manner

sufficiently unpleasant, one would think, thoroughly to disgust St. Elizabeth with her feat, and to make her vow that she would never do so any more, if such are the musical results accruing from her magical performances.

The third part, although defaced by sadly tedious recitatives, emanating from the Landgraf—turned Crusader—and his distressed consort, is undoubtedly the most powerful and striking composition of the whole work, by reason of a bright and passionate choral *motivo* with which it commences, concludes, and is flavoured throughout. This *motivo* strongly resembles the phrase with which Mendelssohn opened his *Lobgesang*, to be used afterwards as the leading subject of the chorus, "All that have life and breath, praise ye the Lord!" and the trombones are employed for its introduction by Liszt, as they were by the great Felix in his symphony to the *Hymn of Praise*; but it is nobly worked out by the voices, and the orchestration is something so rich and complete as to be only comparable, for grandeur of conception and exquisite finish of detail, to poor Hector Berlioz's arrangement of the "Rakoczy" march, probably the finest development of a full orchestra's resources extant. The refrain, "Gott will es!" (God wills it!) occurring at the end of every stanza, is put into soul-stirring notes, and vociferated with a devotional emphasis in the highest degree impressive. I cannot but think that Liszt has committed an error in aesthetics by not limiting the execution of this chorus to male voices. The men engaged in the Crusade would naturally be full of religious enthusiasm and warlike aspirations; but the women would be likely to be lamenting the departure on so perilous an adventure of their husbands, brothers, and lovers. To make women loudly exclaim a sentence like the following:—

Es folge uns, wer sein Christenschwert  
Im heil'gen Krieg zu weih'n begehrt!

is, to say the least of it, to perpetrate an anachronism.

The following episode (No. 4), in which Elizabeth, the old Landgräfin, and the well-meaning but feeble seneschal, are engaged, is, without exception, the most dreary piece of business I have ever listened to, excelling far in hideousness Berlioz's music to *Faust*, Wagner's street row in the *Meistersinger*, Brahms's Chamber Music, or any and every tone-abomination with which we have been afflicted during the last twenty years. True, the storm rages as though Hell were let loose outside the castle walls, and the Landgräfin's utterances are as full of venom as Medusa's; but not a single feature of beauty or grandeur redeems the utter ugliness of the whole part. The seneschal croaks, the Countess screams, and St. Elizabeth whimpers like a beaten school-boy; while all the time there is the very devil to pay in the orchestra. It is a lengthy part, too—linked bitterness long drawn out. I pray that I may never be condemned to hear it again.

Number 5 describes the Euthanasia of St. Elizabeth, dying in her sordid hut, but surrounded by a grateful and worshipping crowd of the poor whose sufferings she has relieved. It contains one or two meritorious chorales, and a movement—supposed to be performed by angels—which is, unfortunately, irresistibly provocative of laughter, for it has evidently been taken from the four chords emitted by the double-mouth harmonica, a child's toy, generally arranged to produce, when blown, the full harmonies of the tonic and subdominant chords in two keys. This curious and naïve sequence of sounds has been adopted by the Abbé Liszt as the subject of his celestial movement; and his treatment of it consists in dragging it *ad nauseam* through all the keys of the gamut. Elizabeth's solos are replete with melancholy of the unhealthy sort, and fatigue the ear with incessant enharmonic transitions, too startling to be in the least gratifying. At length she dies, and, while regretting her misfortunes, one cannot help feeling that it is for the best, as well for herself as for the audience, that she should be at rest and sing no more. This feeling has evidently been shared by the composer; for, in Number 6, devoted to her gorgeous interment, he introduces a funeral march far more joyous and cheerful than anything we have yet heard throughout the work, although the betrothal act should have suggested joyous strains. It may, perhaps, be said to be the most astounding feature of this extraordinary composition that the wedding music is perfectly suitable to a funeral, and that the "Dirge," "March," &c., illustrative of the burial ceremony would have made up a very tidy Epithalamium. Assuredly, Liszt must have felt heartily relieved when he had finally disposed of his heroine, and, unable to restrain the expression of his satisfaction, broke out in semi-lively measures—deadly lively, I ought, perhaps, to say.

As to the execution of the whole work—occupying nearly three hours!—by soloists, band, and chorus, I can only speak in terms of unreserved praise. Although but two rehearsals had taken place before the "grande répétition" to which I was invited, scarcely a hitch occurred during the whole performance; and Liszt confessed himself both surprised and delighted at the masterly rendering of his most difficult composition. Even to such a magnificent *matériel*, swayed by so accomplished a leader as Herbeck, *St. Elizabeth* presented a terrible enigma for solution; and what human intelligence, aided by the highest class of executive ability, could achieve was achieved by the "Society of *Amikfreunde*." But I feel convinced that, despite all this best of musical bodies, or any other in Europe, can effect in the way of thoughtful interpretation, Liszt's *oratorio-cantata* will remain to the majority of mankind what it was to Saturday and Sunday's audiences—a mystery, not worth the trouble of unravelling.

Vienna, April 5th.

# CRYSTAL PALACE.

The last concert but one (more's the pity) of the present series was given on Saturday, with the following selection:—

Overture, "Deux Journées" ... ..	Cherubini
Cantique, "Nazareth" ... ..	Gounod
Symphony No. 1 in E ... ..	A. S. Sullivan
Recit. and aria, "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata" ... ..	Mozart
Concerto, pianoforte, in G major ... ..	Beethoven
Ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses" ... ..	J. F. Knight
Song, "O fair dove! O fond dove!" ... ..	A. S. Sullivan
Solo pianoforte, "Harpsichord Lessons," in G and E ... ..	D. Scarlatti
Overture, "Hermann and Dorothea" ... ..	Schumann

Cherubini's grand and well-known overture was admirably played, but scarcely received the attention due—owing to the place it held, and the almost immediate succession of Mr. Sullivan's interesting work. The latter, written for these concerts in 1866, was fully discussed by us at the time. Another hearing has but confirmed the judgment we then expressed. Looking at the symphony as a whole, there can be no question as to its being a work of great merit, and even greater promise. It shows excellent invention, melodic power, and knowledge of orchestral effect, while there is, in many parts, a degree of originality rarely noticeable in our barren times. If, however, we condescend to particulars, nothing can be easier than the indication of unquestionable shortcomings, as, for example, the want of subject development in the first *allegro* and the *andante*. We allude to these, at all, because we think Mr. Sullivan worth judging by a high standard. His symphony is not a work to be pooh-poohed, but to be accepted as a serious effort at the achievement of a noble object. But while minute criticism must speak of faults, it must also speak—far more strongly—of merits. Some of these we have already indicated in general terms, and, not to weary the reader with details, let us say, once for all, that Mr. Sullivan's first symphony does honour to English musicianship, and that it entitles the public to look for—as it lays him under an obligation to write—other works of a like kind. Such a No. 1 demands at least a No. 2. Mr. Charles Hallé's performance of Beethoven's concerto was marked by his usual extraordinary neatness of execution and artistic taste. Although not favoured by a better accompaniment than Mr. Manns usually gives his soloists, the concerto was very successful. Mr. Hallé was recalled, as he was also after his brilliant rendering of Scarlatti's "Lessons." Schumann's overture to *Hermann Dorothea* is quite in character throughout, even the warlike *Marseillaise*, portions of which are now and then interpolated, being so toned down as to soothe rather than inflame. Like all Schumann's works, it requires more than one hearing, and, therefore, we prefer to wait before expressing any definite opinion. Mr. Edward Murray (who had already favoured us with the pompous platitudes called "Nazareth") was recalled after his tasteful singing of Knight's song, and a similar compliment was twice paid to Miss Edith Wynne, who gave Mozart's air, and Mr. Sullivan's ballad with her unvarying success. THADDEUS EGG.

# THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will permit me to state that the differences between the direction of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and myself, have been satisfactorily arranged, and that I shall have the honour of appearing at that theatre early in May.—I am, &c.,  
Paris, April 8.  
CHRISTINE NILSSON.

# PLAUTUS AND ADDISON.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In an excellent review which appeared in the *Pail Mall Gazette*, of Professor Ramsay's edition of the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, the reviewer expressed his belief that Addison founded a farce on the Latin play. The piece, however, to which he evidently refers is the comedy entitled the *Drummer*, produced at Drury Lane in 1716. Here the personage who gives the title is an honest fellow, whose object in beating a drum and thus causing suspicion that a house is haunted, is to defeat villainy and further the interests of virtue. Addison's play is therefore but slightly connected with that of Plautus, from which it entirely differs in the main plot. Fielding's farce, the *Intriguing Chambermaid*, brought out at Drury Lane in 1734, is much closer to the antique, Traino being changed into a female servant for the sake of Kitty Clive, to whom the work is dedicated. However, both this and an earlier piece on the same subject called the *Lucky Prodigal*, which was brought out at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in 1715, seem to have been derived, not immediately from Plautus, but from *Le Retour Imprévu*, a comedy by Regnard, who had gone to the fountain-head. The notion of getting rid of unwelcome persons with the semblance of a haunted house is also adopted by Abraham Cowley, in his Latin play, *Naufragium Joculare*.—Your obedient servant,  
STONE OF STONEHENGE.

Histoire de l'empire de Russie sous le règne de l'empereur de Constantin, par Jean Nougat, dit le Jeune. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Forty-Five Guineas. Enquire of DEWAR, DAVISON & Co., 214, Regent Street, W.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**HORACE MAYHEW.**—Every individual, man and woman, regards the public as some vague and mighty abstraction—a sort of incomprehensible beast with no certain predicates; and it is this portentous idealism which is made to bear the sins of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

AMATEUR.—It was in August, 1863 (not in July, 1865, as our correspondent's informant states), that Mlle. Tietjens gave three or four performances of *Valentine*, in the *Huguenots*, at the Grand Opera, Paris. Meyerbeer was present at all of them.

G. L. W.—Our correspondent confounds *L'Orphéon* with *Le Moniteur de L'Orphéon*. The first, edited now by M. Henry Abel Simon, is in its fifteenth year; the last, edited by M. Alfred le Roy, is only in its second. We presume it is a split camp. Both journals are published in Paris.

**ANGLO-MANIAC.**—Christopher Marlowe has a familiar line:—

"By shallow rivers to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

And Milton:—

"Whose artful strains have oft delayed  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal."

Indeed, the association is especially English, but authorities derive it from the earliest hymns to the Virgin—*alla Madre*; others from a Greek word meaning a stall or a herd of cattle, and so reaching a pastoral song. As such we know it—a little pastoral, amorous poem. Madrigals originated in Italy; the earliest were written about 1540, and not until 1583 was any attempt made to adapt them to English words. For a century the madrigal was the most popular form of music in England. Morley, in his *Introduction to Practical Music*, says:—"Supper being ended, and musicke books, according to the custome, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeinately that I could not, everie one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to the others demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of my ignorance, I goe now to seek out mine old friende, Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler."

## ERRATUM

The last line of Herr R. Wagner's letter to Madame Muchanow, at page 253 of last week's *Musical World*, runs thus:—"he" (the young King of Bavaria) "is my father, and my home, my happiness." It should be:—"he is my fatherland, my home, my happiness."

## MARRIAGE.

On the 7th inst., at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Dundee, Mr. HENRY CORRI, to IDA GHITA, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel GILLIES, Scots Fusilier Guards.

## DEATH.

On the 9th inst., at Hampstead, Mr. EDWARD CLARE, aged 51, compiler of "Clare's Sacred Melodies," &c.

## NOTICE.

*The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

*With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedience may suggest.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

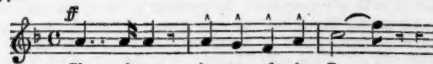
LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869.

ROSSINI'S SOLEMN MASS.

(Continued from page 252.)

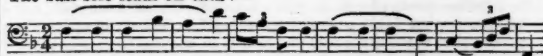
THE GLORIA.

THIS elaborately worked division of the Mass opens with a short *Allegro maestoso* in F major. Six bars of detached chords, *ff*, lead to the following unaccompanied phrase for soprano chorus:—



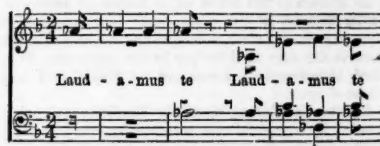
Glo - ri - a      in ex - cel - sis      De - o.

The same passage is then repeated (melody given to contralto) in full chorus, still without accompaniment; after which, the twice-repeated dominant and tonic chords of C major lead to an *Andantino mosso* in the original key. This is prefaced by a brief instrumental unison, and built almost entirely upon the alternate tonic and subdominant harmonies of F major, A flat major and minor, C flat major, changing enharmonically to B major, and C major. Two or three examples will give a clear idea of the vocal superstructure. The bass solo leads off thus:—



Ex in ter-ra pax ho-mi-ni-bus bo-næ vo-lun-ta-tis.

after which the following passage occurs for the solo quartet, and is several times repeated, with slight variations, in different keys :—



Laud - a - mus    te      Laud - a - mus    te

On the modulation into C major a passage in imitation begins, after this fashion :—



Glo - ri - fi - ca - - mus, &c.

At the close of a repetition in the tonic major, the chorus parts sing "Adoramus te" in succession (on F and A), and then a plagal cadence brings the movement to an end.

The "Gratias Agimus" is set as a trio for contralto, tenor, and bass, *Andante grazioso*, in A major. After a few bars of modulation, the accompaniment is anticipated by way of instrumental prelude. We may as well indicate the form of it:—



The melody, first given to bass, and treated in canonic fashion, is as follows :—



mag - num glo - ri - am glo - ri - am tu - - - - am



This melody having "flown" through all three voices, a brief *forte* episode in E major, is followed by this instrumental sequence (pppp) :—



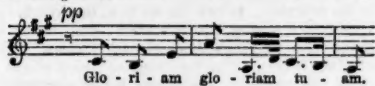
which, in turn, leads to the subject treated in three-part harmony with a changed figure of accompaniment. The composer then indulges in one of the contrapuntal passages of which the Mass is so full, beginning thus :—



This, and a sequence :—



a pretty melodic phrase :—



and another plagal cadence brings the movement to an end.

(To be continued.)

IN another page we reprint an article from the Viennese correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is a description of Abbé Liszt's "oratorio-cantata," or "cantata-oratorio," *Die heilige Elisabeth*. The author evidently writes in great anguish of body and spirit, after the endurance of a lengthy and tremendous bore. Nevertheless, his article contains, here and there, certain observations which so plainly show him to be a mere amateur, that we have very little sympathy for the suffering he has undergone. If he knew anything about Liszt's music before, and still voluntarily underwent a three hours' probation of it, we have no pity for him. Clearly he is neither musician nor connoisseur, or he would not have referred to Liszt's antecedents in such terms as these :—

"No one could recognize the genial author of the '*Transcriptions*,' &c. \* \* There is little more of common between the Liszt of former days and the Reverend Father Francis than there is between Ariel and a hooded familiar of the Holy Inquisition. Where is all the airy lightness of manner, the dainty fretwork of ornamentation, *delight of the ear* (!) and despair of the fingers, the *magical modulations that glowed like an aurora borealis of sound* (!) over his exuberant effusions, where the elfish and yet touching fragments of melody that were ever strewn with no stinting hand over the wildest wastes of his musical dream-land?"

Where, indeed! Just as previously—*nowhere*. He who imagines that, at any time within the last half century, Franz Liszt was a musical composer must entertain either very odd notions of art, or must be, *quoad* music, an absolute ignoramus. The "*Transcriptions*," to which the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent refers, are at the best but empty rodomontade. In fact, Liszt was by nature intended for nothing more than a "*virtuoso*;" and—thanks to his unlimited mechanical resources—he carried the theory and practice

of "*virtuosity*" to such a point, that he became 'in the end a mere polyhedric pantomaniplator. At length, the world had enough of Liszt, and, so to speak, grew out of him. Hence, out of simple egotistical self-assertion, the "*creation*," by Liszt, of Richard Wagner, who to music would be, if he could, what Satan would have been, only he couldn't, to Heaven—the Arch-Destroyer. Where Satan went—to speak in myth—so will go Richard Wagner; and let us hope that (despite his ceremonials), Abbé Liszt—next to Wagner, the greatest enemy of music, and, therefore, to Wagner, most sympathetic of beings—may accompany him as Prime Minister of the cacophonous Erebus. If music be—as it is described by certain poets—"the art divine," both Wagner and Liszt are inevitably condemned. There is just now such a hot-bed of confusion about music as it ought to be and music as it ought not to be, that it is as well a line should be drawn somewhere. There are certain blasphemous folk who—judging from the sneaking kindness shown by Robert Schumann to such men as Wagner and Liszt (by "*sneaking kindness*," let us, *en parenthèse*, say, yearning sympathy)—would include the said Robert among the fraternity of demoniac cacophonites. But Schumann was not really of the craft; and those who are striving hard to place him above Mendelssohn and by the side of Beethoven, should do their utmost to prove how, from time to time (in spite of occasional misgivings and misleanings), Schumann thanked Heaven that he was not like those "*publicans*."

*Du reste*, they who run may read. We have unfolded to the gaze of our readers the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent's letter on Abbé Liszt's *Heilige Elisabeth*. For our own part, phrases here and there considered, we do not value his criticism at a straw's worth. He has at last, by reason of length, found out that Liszt's music is an infliction—*voilà tout*. Others had discovered that much long before.

#### Court Circular.

WINDSOR CASTLE, April 14.

Mr. Michael Costa arrived at the Castle, and being introduced to Her Majesty's presence by the Lord Chamberlain, received the honour of knighthood.

#### MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S NEW SONGS.

(From the "*Sunday Times*," April 11.)

From a group of songs published by Boosey & Co. and composed by Madame Sainton-Dolby, we select, first of all, "*Out on the rocks*," one of the best, as it is one of the best known. The beautiful simplicity of its melody, and the very original passages for the accompanying instruments, are features of great attraction, and account for the popularity the song already enjoys. "*A Child's Song*" (words from Keeble's *Christian Year*) is appropriately easy and graceful. Written for the composer's son, it has a melody such as a child would love and remember. We can commend it as being exactly what it pretends to be. "*I am content*," written by Madame Sainton expressly for Mr. W. H. Cummings, is of course, another thing altogether. The composer, however, has not permitted herself to be tempted into that striking out for "*effect*" which so often wrecks promising efforts. She has produced an admirable melody, and, with but a little pianoforte colouring, leaves the singer to convey the changing sentiment of the verses. That is the true idea of such songs as the one before us. "*A Year's Spinning*" is, we believe, one of Madame Sainton's more recent works. It tells the old story of love while the wheel goes round, and tells it pleasantly. The simple melody of the first two verses is in keeping with its subject, and the setting of the third verse is exceedingly happy. The accompaniment is sufficiently descriptive, and the song, as a whole, deserves wide popularity.

ENGLISH OPERA will be produced at the Crystal Palace about the latter end of May, under the direction of Mr. George Perren, who will introduce a new English *prima donna* of great promise and talent. The orchestra will be on the usual grand scale of the establishment, and the chorus will be selected from the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre.—(Communicated.)

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The *Creation* drew one of the largest audiences of the season to Exeter Hall on Friday night. There is no wearying of Haydn's beautiful melodies, and for this reason, though the oratorio lacks somewhat of the dignity and grandeur suitable to its theme, it will survive as long as the most majestic of its companions. The principal singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley. Madame Sherrington is better suited in the *Creation* than in any other work of the same class. She sang all the music with a brightness of voice which frequently elicited applause. Mr. Vernon Rigby was unequal. He gave "In native worth" charmingly, but the fine recitative, "In splendour bright," was marred by alterations. How Mr. Santley sings the *Creation* music everybody knows. This was his first appearance in Exeter Hall for some time, and he was welcomed with even more heartiness than usual. We would say that he sang better than usual, if improvement upon the past were possible. The choruses were uniformly well given. Mr. Costa conducted, and had a significantly warm reception on taking his place.

A performance of *Elijah* last night was to bring the season to a close. Of this we shall speak next week.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The Amateur Musical Union of St. John's Wood gave a concert on Thursday, 8th April, in aid of the funds of the School for the Blind, in the large hall of the Institution, Upper Avenue Road. The first part of the programme consisted of Henry Leslie's cantata, *Holyrood*, the solo parts being very well sustained, and band and chorus acquitting themselves satisfactorily. Part 2 opened with Haydn's No. 9 symphony, very well played. "Didst thou but know" (Balfé), and a serenade by Henry Graves, "Stars of the summer night," with violin *obbligato*, were deservedly encored. A flute solo, "Rule, Britannia" (Drouet), was played in a masterly manner and loudly re-demanded; "The song of the captive Hebrew" (D'Esté), "Forget me not" (Ganz), "The last Rose of Summer" and "Little Bird, so sweetly singing" (G. B. Allen), were all well sung; "Blow, ye balmy breezes, blow," glee, by Young, and part song, "Farewell to the Forest" (Mendelssohn), followed by the overture to *La Clemenza di Tito* (Mozart), brought this successful affair to a close. Miss Frost presided at the piano with efficiency, and the hon. conductor, Mr. Henry Graves, was at his post as usual.

An excellent concert was given by Mrs. John Holman Andrews, on Thursday, the 8th inst. One of the most notable features of the entertainment was the steady precision of the choruses in Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great," sung by the ladies and gentlemen of Mrs. Andrews' vocal class. The fugue *finale* especially deserved commendation, as did the earlier solo and chorus, the former given by Miss Edith Andrews with great taste. After the cantata, Professor Bennett's quartet, "God is a spirit" (*Woman of Samaria*), was given with such devotional feeling and pure taste by Mrs. Holman Andrews, Miss Webb, Mr. Hayes, and the Rev. W. G. Martin, as to command an encore. A spirited performance of Costa's march from *Eli*, closed the first part. Several excellent choruses and part-songs were given in the second part by the ladies and gentlemen of the class, and, in addition, Miss Arabella Smyth sang "Una voce" with remarkable facility. Signor Ciabatta gave an effective solo, and Macfarren's duet, "Oh! Summer morn," was very well rendered by Misses Edith and Gertrude Andrews and encored. We must not omit a word in praise of Balfé's trio, "Vorrei parlar," by Mrs. Andrews, Miss Arabella Smyth, and Miss Webb; also of Madame R. Sidney Pratten's guitar solo, and a brilliant *concertante* duet, by Mrs. Andrews and Mr. R. Blagrove (pianoforte and concertina), both of which were admirably played. The Rev. W. G. Martin conducted, in the place of Mr. Rutt, and contributed to the programme an ingenious combination of three popular melodies. Mrs. Holman Andrews and Mr. Minson were able accompanists.

THE POST-OFFICE (49TH MIDDLESEX) RIFLE VOLUNTEER'S CONCERT.—A concert took place on Monday evening, in St. James's Hall, under the patronage of Lieut-Col. du Plat Taylor, and the Officers of the Post-Office Rifle Volunteers (49th Middlesex), for the benefit of the Prize Fund of the "E" company. Miss Annie Edmonds, Miss Bessie Emmett (encored in "Rock me to sleep"), Mdle. Lucille Duchesne, Miss Lucie Hann, Madame Gilardoni (much applauded in Nicola de Giosa's "I'm a Fishermaiden"), Madame Talbot Cherer, and Miss Edith Wynne, gave their services, as did Messrs. Leigh Wilson, L. Thomas, Winn, Theodore Distin (who sung his own song, "The true right hand"), and D. Thomas. An effective choir of amateurs, sang some glees and part-songs with much precision. Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton played a brilliant solo on the harp. Mr. Brinley Richards gave remarkably well his arrangement of the "Men of Harlech," and Mr. Phassey, bandmaster of the St. George's Rifles, astonished the audience by his masterly performance of "O ruddier than the Cherry," on the euphonium. The band of the regiment attended, and Messrs. J. G. Calcott, Gilardoni, and Osborne Williams accompanied.

## PROVINCIAL.

EDENBRIDGE.—The *Maidstone Telegraph* (April 10), says:—

"A very pleasant evening was spent on Thursday in the National School-room, where a few of the natives gave an entertainment in aid of the Mechanics' Institute. The room was crowded, and many who had taken tickets were compelled to 'stand' it out. The band played in excellent form. The chair was taken by Mr. T. Whitmore, who exerted himself to the utmost in carrying out the arrangements, and we are pleased to add his efforts were crowned with *éclat*. The programme was made up entirely of popular selections."

EVESHAM.—We read in the *Worcester Journal* as follows:—

"The sixth annual festival of associated choirs of the Evesham district of the Church Choral Association for the Archdeaconry of Worcester took place on Wednesday week. After a rehearsal by the choir, divine service was held at eleven o'clock, at St. Lawrence's Church. There was a tolerably large congregation. The choirs numbered 159 voices. The service was as follows:—Preces, Responses, and Litany (Tallis); Venite, Anglican Chant Book 134 (Russell); Psalms, Anglican Chant Book 44; Te Deum, Chant Service in B flat (Barnby); Jubilate, Anglican Chant Book 32 (Dr. S. Arnold); Anthem, 'O taste and see how gracious the Lord is' (Goss); before the sermon, the hymn from Maurice's Hymn Book, 'Children of the heavenly King' (Petershill); a voluntary during the collection, and before the benediction, the hymn from the Anglican Hymn Book, 'O worship the King,' Old 104th. The service was decidedly an improvement on past performances. The Litany was not rendered as well as it might have been, although much better than on some previous occasions. With this exception everything went very well, especially the anthem and the last hymn. While the choirs are to be congratulated on their proficiency, much praise is due to Mr. Milward (of the Cathedral choir), the efficient choir-master, for his painstaking efforts. The preacher was the Rev. J. Haviland, rector of Fladbury, who took for his text Psalm cxxxvii. 4: 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' Evening service was held at four o'clock, and the musical portion was as follows:—Preces and Responses (Tallis); Psalms, A. C. B. 47; Magnificat, A. C. B. 97 (Dr. Turlton); Nunc Dimittis, A. C. B. 9 (Farrant); Anthem, as in the morning; before the sermon, the hymn, 'O worship the King,' a voluntary during the collection; and, before the benediction, the hymn from 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' 'The day is past and over' (Dr. Dykes). The performance was a slight improvement on that of the morning, the choirs being somewhat steadier. Mr. Wheatley presided at the organ, which was in bad tune. Collections were made after each service in aid of the association."

MALVERN.—The *Worcester Journal* of last Saturday says:—

"On Monday evening, a musical and elocutionary entertainment was given on behalf of the funds of the rural Hospital, at the Concert Hall, the Vicar presiding. The hall was crowded, and each *morceau* of the programme, which was of a varied and attractive character, elicited loud expressions of approbation. Amongst those who assisted were the Rev. A. Sewell, of the College, the Rev. Mr. Ridgeway, vicar of North Malvern, Dr. Fernie, Mr. W. B. Fisher, Mr. Stoyles, Worcester, Mr. H. Wilson, and Master Burston. Mr. Haynes, professor of music, gave the use of the hall without charge, presided at the piano, and sang a couple of songs to oblige Mr. Albert Brown, who was unable to keep his promise to the committee in consequence of indisposition. The receipts will realize for the charity upwards of £20."

LLANEGWAD.—Observes the *Carmarthen Journal*:—

"The inhabitants of the vicinity of the Foley Arms were favoured by the Misses Jones of Pantglas's glee party, with a concert at the large room, attached to the above house, which was moderately well filled. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Thomas Griffiths, schoolmaster, Llanegwad, who opened the proceedings with a short speech. The programme, consisting almost wholly of Welsh music, was then very creditably gone through, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Evans, schoolmaster, Llanfynydd. We understand that the proceeds were handed over to Mr. Evans, as a token of appreciation of his able services."

GLASGOW.—Mr. Sims Reeves, whose activity in the public service seems indefatigable, has been performing with great success at the theatre here. We take the following from the *Glasgow Daily Herald* of the 13th inst:—

"A large and fashionable audience assembled in the Theatre-Royal to welcome Mr. Sims Reeves on the Glasgow stage, after an absence of many years, in the character of Francis Osbaldistone. This production is to be regarded, less as a revival of the favourite drama than as a means of introducing Mr. Reeves in a character which like that of Henry Bertram in *Guy Rammerey*, admits of songs proper to the part being supplemented by others at the discretion of the artist. As a

further recommendation the actor is not called upon to display very commanding histrionic qualities, and if truth be told, it generally happens that the tenor who appears as the romantic hero, especially if highly gifted, despises the graces of art, and saunters about the stage as if unconcerned in what is going forward. Not so Mr. Reeves. Those who witnessed his performance last night will agree with us that the character could hardly have been personated with greater finish or effectiveness, whether in the tender scenes with Diana Vernon at the opening, or in the stirring incidents in which Francis Osbaldistone is afterwards involved. If this may be said of his acting, we may justly speak in terms of still greater commendation of his singing. Mr. Reeves was in fine voice, and the music was delivered with his accustomed sweetness and expression. 'My love is like a red, red rose' he sang with exquisite delicacy and grace, but 'Macgregors' Gathering,' showing the power as well as the softness and purity of his voice, and illustrating also his skill in declamation, fairly took the house by storm. Mr. Reeves was accompanied by Miss Ada Jackson, who shared with him the musical honours of the evening as Diana Vernon. Miss Jackson had only once before appeared on the stage, but she got very creditably through her task. She took part with Mr. Reeves in the well-known duets incidental to the drama, and gave also a couple of Scotch songs in a tasteful, unaffected manner. In the course of the drama Mr. Reeves was very cordially applauded. The audience were clamorous for repetitions, but in only one case (the opening duet, 'Though you leave me now in sorrow') did the eminent tenor respond. Mr. Reeves appears again as Francis Osbaldistone to-morrow night, and brings his engagement to a close on Friday."

NOTTINGHAM.—We read as follows in the *Daily Nottingham Express* of the 5th inst.:

"The choir of the Institution for the Blind having had the honour of giving the first performance of Mr. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, in Nottingham, Derby, and Grantham, the author kindly offered, if he could hear the blind choir sing, to play one of Beethoven's sonatas to the pupils. Advantage was taken of this offer (with Mr. B.'s consent) to give the musical public an opportunity of being present at the concert-room of the institution on Saturday morning, when the *Ancient Mariner* was performed, and attracted a highly appreciative audience. Mr. F. M. Ward, the music-master of the institution, conducted as far as the chorus, 'The upper air,' to give Mr. Barnett an opportunity of hearing the voices, after which Mr. Barnett played Beethoven's sonata in C (Waldstein) in a most magnificent manner; for brilliancy of execution, distinct articulation, power and pathos, it was a performance such as is seldom heard in this town. At its conclusion he was most enthusiastically applauded. He then conducted the remainder of the *Ancient Mariner*. At its termination the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Willoughby moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Barnett for giving them an opportunity of hearing him, and for the great treat afforded. This was seconded by the Rev. Canon Griffin, and carried with applause. In reply Mr. Barnett stated that his visit had afforded him very great pleasure, and although from what he had heard of the choir his expectations had been high, he had not been disappointed, and it was truly marvellous to him how they could accomplish what they had. Not only had they displayed correct taste and expression, but had executed the work from beginning to end without a single mistake."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Our correspondent writes from the coally metropolis as follows:—

"The *Messiah* (last oratorio of the season) was performed in the new Town Hall, on Thursday, April 8th, by the Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society, and was well attended. The principal vocalists were Miss Annie Penman (soprano), Miss Emmeline Moore (contralto), and Mr. Edwin Rowley (bass), all natives of this town. Mr. A. Moulding of York Minster, sang the tenor solos. Miss Penman sung in all allotted to her with much taste and expression. Miss Moore has a fine voice and displayed it to great advantage; she was loudly applauded after 'He was despised.' Mr. Moulding made his *début* on the occasion, and was highly successful. The tenor airs were rendered in a most acceptable manner by this gentleman, who possesses a remarkably fine voice, and reached the upper notes with extreme ease. Mr. Rowley also made his *début* before a Newcastle audience, and may fairly be congratulated on the result. He gives promise of attaining a high position in the profession. The whole of the choristers were natives of Newcastle; the instrumentalists composing a very efficient orchestra were also townsmen. The band was led by Mr. R. Watson. Mr. F. Helmore conducted and Mr. John Nicholson presided at the organ."

CLIFTON.—We take the following from a Bristol daily:—

"The small saloon of the Victoria Rooms was well filled on the occasion of Miss Home's first appearance in Clifton. This lady is a pupil of Signor Garcia in the Royal Academy of Music, and the renowned preceptor of Jenny Lind is to be congratulated on the success of his efficient training. In addition to Miss Home Miss Marion Severn,

a student in the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Montague Worlock, and Mr. Chatterton took part. Miss Home has a sweet soprano voice, not very powerful, but sympathetic, and her singing is marked by delicacy and refinement indicative of good taste and high culture in an excellent vocal school. She sang first in Costa's "Ecco quel fiero istante," with the three other vocalists named. Her first solo was the "Invocation to Hope," from *Fidelio*, which was admirably rendered, and Miss Home was deservedly rewarded with a hearty recall. Still more demonstrative was the applause which succeeded a duet with Mr. Cummings, called 'The Moonlight.' 'La Pesca' (Rossini), (with Miss Severn) also elicited unmistakable approval. Miss Severn, produced a most favourable impression, and fully justified high encomiums. A song of the Claribel class, 'There was once a Maiden,' was encored. Mr. Cummings never sang better. Mr. Chatterton had two pieces set down to him, in which he was encored. Mr. Mann conducted. The entertainment was under the management of Mr. J. C. Daniel, whose arrangements gave the utmost satisfaction."

MANCHESTER.—A correspondent writes as subjoined:—

"On Saturday, April 10th, a concert was given in the Free Trade Hall, by a choir of 500 voices, using the Tonic Sol-fa notation. The pieces were, on the whole, creditably rendered, and several received deserved encores. Mr. Henry Walker added to the success of the evening by his accompaniments and organ solos, one of which, a movement from the 'Surprise' Symphony of Haydn, obtained an encore. Mr. McClellan conducted and the Rev. W. Doyle gave a short address during the evening. The hall was not very well filled, and, considering that it was composed of part-songs and choruses only, the programme was long."—J. E.

#### MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S CONCERT.

Madame Sainton-Dolby gave on Wednesday evening week one of those concerts composed of English music which, during the last few years, have been so generally popular. The programme comprised a judicious combination of the classic productions of the English school of music with more recent compositions which await only time to attain equal importance. As an example of the former class, we may instance Sir Henry Bishop's "By the simplicity of Venus' doves," while Madame Sainton's musicianlike, thoughtful, and charming, setting of Mrs. Barrett Browning's lines, "A Year's Spinning," may be referred to as a highly favourable specimen of the latter. It is needless to expatiate on the true and earnest expression which Madame Sainton infused into each of these lyrics, widely though they differ in style. Lady Gifford's ballad, "Oh! Bay of Dublin;" the Irish song, "Katey's Letter;" and the ballad, "Children's Voices," one of the last productions of the lamented lady who wrote under the pseudonym of "Claribel," made up the total of Madame Sainton's own vocal contributions to her concert. She appeared again, however, as a genuine composer in the duet, "The Angel's Home," sung by Miss Edith Wynne and Miss Julia Elton. The former lady also gave Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute," a song which she has made her own; while the contralto sang Whitmore's ballad, "Isle of Beauty," after which she had the honour of being recalled. Madame Arabella Goddard, being prevented by indisposition from appearing, her place was taken by Mr. Charles Hallé, who played Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" and Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," with the perfect facility which always distinguishes him. A *débutante*, M. Edward de Jong, in a flute solo, "Le déir," displayed great proficiency on the instrument. We hope soon to have an opportunity of hearing M. de Jong in some piece which will better test his powers. The other instrumentalist was Mr. Weist Hill, an excellent violinist, who played his own fantasia on *Maritana*. Madame Boddia-Pyne, Miss Vinta, Mdle. Santos, the Misses Wells, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Coates, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Maybrick contributed solos, interspersed with various favourite glees.—*Daily Telegraph*.

MILAN.—On the third inst. a new grand opera was produced at the Scala Opera-house, Milan, entitled *Ruy Blas*. It is the second opera of its composer, Filippi Manchetti, his first, *Romeo and Juliet*, having been produced with great success at the Carcano Theatre, Milan, about fifteen months back. The new opera is described as a masterpiece, full of originality, genuine melody, thoroughly vocal, devoid of clap-trap, or meretricious effect, and as destined to make the round of all the theatres in Italy. The interest steadily rises from the first act to the last. On the first night Signor Manchetti was called on the stage no less than nineteen times, including five "calls" at the conclusion; on the second night he was called on eleven times during the last act, and he seems to have wrought the Milanese to a pitch of musical phrensy, and this, too, when the previous operas had been such masterpieces as *Don Carlos*, the *Huguenots*, and *La Forza del Destino*. The principal singers were Mdle. Benza, the Queen; Tiberini, Ruy Blas; and Rota, Don Salust. We should think this a work worth attention by the directors of the projected opera at the Lyceum.—*Il Trovatore*.



## MIFFINS.\*

(Continued from p. 251.)

## APRIL.

The advantages of April as seen by Mr. Mifflin.

If ever there was a month—when one thinks of the number of months there have been—that exordium has a dash of inebriety about it positively refreshing to a man, who has for three months lived upon counterpoint, and had his mind fugged down to its slenderest tenuity, not that I, as a musician should diaphanically rebel against my natural contrapuntal nourishment, or that, as a disciple of Apollo, I should be guilty of the high treason of going “Bach” on fugues—I wished merely, simply, and ingeniously to propound, without the least *malice prepense*, that April was, indeed, a most excellent month, a most propitious period—I am positively surprised at my lack of perspicacity—is it perspicacity?—let me rather say I regret to find that my irrepressible digression—has absolutely chivied my premises from my not illogical brain, and I am totally unaware—and equal to remaining in that lapsed condition—how the month of April, can be, is, has been, or is likely to be propitious, to what, I evidently was under the impression, its supposititious auspiciousness might tend to! If I were a German, I should immediately evolve from my consciousness—like Pip, I would often commune therewith, did I know where it was—dimly and painfully, but surely and solidly that it was likely to have some beneficial effect on my determination—and here comes in promptly, confound it, the end of the month.

## MAY.

Mr. Mifflin coquets around a “Pastoral Symphony.”

“Come, bounteous May!” sang Milton, not that there is the slightest reason why I should echo his words! For here May is, blooming, bounteous, flowery, blossomy, buddy, enowly, slushy, windy, and blowy, “ethereal mildness,” or blustering roughness, as the case may be, for who, in these latter days expects correct prophecies of the weather, and in an almanac!—save the mark!—here May is, and my determination, ere June shall show her brazen face—June is the next month to May, is it not? Mem—brazen face!—should a pastoral symphony be born of all this travail, June to be represented by the brass instruments—and yet there’s no analogy between shepherds and ophicleides, nor would the nut brown milkmaid battle successfully with a B flat bombardon. I really do not see my way to—not that I’m pledged—for the man who injudiciously hurries his judgment—naturally loses all he would gain by his energetic indulgence of poetic leisure, as the greatest and most successful of human labours—and if you think I am going into a minute analysis of that circum-comprehensive subject, why—let us change the conversation. Deliberation sits at the counsel of the wise, and ‘tis that, doubtless, makes them so stupid, for over deliberation is a mistake of the direst nature. Happy is he who hath inspiration. Inspire me then, ye Muses! and of course, just as I’m all aglow with musical fervour—with the most indecent haste—in comes, rushing, June.

## JUNE.

Mifflin’s thrilling announcement and guileless anticipations.

I announce to a breathlessly expectant world, a rapt crowd of amateurs, delighted *dilettanti*, lethargic *literati*, captious *cognoscenti*, and crucial critics! that at last—why at last? why should I insinuate that there has been any unusual *ritardando* in this movement, any *pausa* of more than necessary duration—for manifold are the advantages of pauses generally—and I don’t know why I should not think it out on this line all the summer. So, positively, under this new aspect of circumstances, at “last” becomes an impertinence, and an impertinence addressed by myself to myself, quotha! I, who have reared myself so tenderly, who have taken such pains with myself, and (parenthetically) had such trouble with myself, why should I be rude to myself? Let me, in St. Grampus’ name, be content with being rude to other people! Heavens! It is too hot this brassy June to rate in this “Erebus vein.” I will merely make the simple announcement—marry come up! Simple announcement! An important and not too suddenly formed resolution, a determination arrived at with such strategic and far seeing un haste. To be imparted to respectfully listening multitudes, by such crude and inadequate means as a “simple announcement.” Never! Let me climb to the house tops of the city, and trumpetically proclaim that, “Here’s actually the first of July.”

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the “Musical World.”

SIR.—Allow me to correct an error in your last week’s impression. In the quotations from the correspondence regarding Herr Charles Oberthür, it states that that gentleman is first harpist at the Royal Academy of Music. This is a mistake, for the harp professors at that institution are Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, and your very obedient servant,  
JOHN CHESHIRE.  
2, Montague Street, Portman Square, W.

\*From Watson’s Musical and Art Almanac.

## WAIFS.

Yesterday, Madame Arabella Goddard was to give a pianoforte recital at the Castle Hotel, Richmond, with Miss Annie Edmonds as vocalist.

Mr. Costa returned from Berlin and Leipzig on Tuesday night week, after having been most graciously received in the Prussian capital by the King and Queen of Prussia and the Crown Prince and Princess. The National Hymn, composed by Mr. Costa at the special desire of the Princess, was performed before the Royal family, and his Majesty has been pleased to accept the dedication. The King sent the Grand Chamberlain to present the composer with the Cross of Officer of the Red Eagle—a signal mark of Royal favour. Mr. Costa’s oratorio, *Elk*, will be produced, by command, at Berlin, towards the close of the year, and his second oratorio, *Naaman*, will be heard at Stuttgart in the autumn. The adaptation and acceptance by the Germans of two English oratorios—for English oratorios they virtually are, their distinguished composer being a naturalized Englishman—evidences the extension of international feeling as regards music.

We have reason”—says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the 9th inst.—“to believe that the difficulties which threatened the Royal Italian Opera with the loss of the services of Mdle. Christine Nilsson during the present season are satisfactorily arranged. So much the better for Messrs. Gye and Mapleson; so much the better for Mdle. Nilsson; so much the better for the subscribers in particular, and for the operatic public in general. Now, at least, there is more than a probability that we shall hear the whole *Hamlet*, of which Mdle. Nilsson last summer gave us so promising a specimen.”

Rossini’s bench, on which he used to sit near his residence, has been nearly whittled to pieces by relic hunters. [*Canard*.—A. S. S.]

Ferdinand Ludwig, the German composer and critic, has arrived in London, and intends to give some “Recitals” of pianoforte music in the course of the season.

The degree of LL.D. has recently been conferred on John Ryley Robinson, F.S.A., Scot., M. Société Asiatique de Paris, &c., of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, author of *Esther*, *The Deluge*, *Joseph*, &c.

Rossini’s *Guillaume Tell* has been excluded from the list of operas to be given this spring in Rome, the theatrical censor having decided that the work is of a revolutionary character.

On Wednesday morning week Mr. Henri Corri, director of the Grand English Opera Company, now on a tour in Scotland, was married in St. Paul’s Episcopal Church, Dundee, to Madlle. Ida Ghita Gillies, *prima donna* of the company.

M. Sardon’s receipts for right of authorship during the last twelve days are as follows:—*Patrie*, at the Porte-Saint-Martin, 9,284fr. 91c.; *Scraphine*, at the Gymnase, 4,691fr. 07c.; making a total of 13,975fr.; besides which his rights in the provinces are nearly 200fr. a day.

Mr. Sims Reeves is announced to sing, at Mr. Henry Lealie’s next concert, a new song in praise of Wales, entitled “The Cambrian Plume,” composed expressly for him by Mr. Brinley Richards. Mr. Lealie’s chorus will be called into requisition for the occasion.

The National Choral Society, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin, will give a “Mendelssohn Night” at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, April 20, when the *First Walpurgis Night*, and the *Hymn of Praise (Lobgesang)* will be performed. Miss Arabella Smyth, Mr. Lander, and Mr. Sims Reeves are already engaged.

Mr. Jacques Blumenthal has arrived in London to resume his professional avocations. Mr. Blumenthal has made a long tour through Germany, France, and Algeria, and has returned with a number of songs and other compositions, which no doubt will be heard of during the ensuing season.

Herr Reichardt has returned from Paris, where he sang at several of the most fashionable *soirées*. In Madame Erard’s *salon*, at the Chateau de la Muette, he met with great success in Beethoven’s “Adelaide,” and in a new song of his own composition, “Of thee I think” (“Ich denke dein”).

The seven performances of Rossini’s *Messe* produced the sum of 110,000fr. “This masterpiece”—says a French print—“is destined to make the tour of the world. Mdme. Alboni is engaged not only for London, but for all the principal cities of Europe.” [She is not engaged for London—or, at least, not yet.—A. S. S.]

From a long and very interesting notice of recent musical doings which appeared in the *Globe*, of the 14th inst., we take the following:—

“The Sacred Harmonic Society is winding up the season very quietly. Rumour had it some time back that the managers were making heroic efforts to bring out Beethoven’s ‘Grand Mass in D,’ but, supposing rumour spoke the

truth, their efforts are at present resultless, and the society has contented itself with adding to a by no means large repertory a couple of Mendelssohn's psalms. From one point of view we wonder at even this being done. Novelty is at a discount with Exeter Hall audiences, who, when the *Messiah* or *Elijah* is announced, fill seats which they leave empty when the attraction is something less familiar." Our long-established evening contemporary seems bent upon hereafter including "music" as a genuine department in its columns. *Tant mieux.*

An American singer, Signorina Maria Carlisle (Miss Huntly), after a most successful *début* at Berlin, has won even greater laurels in Belgium, where she is as much praised for her tragic acting as for her musical talent.

Wednesday being the birthday of the Princess Beatrice, the choir of St. George's Chapel, under the direction of Dr. Elvey, assembled at half-past nine on the east terrace of Windsor Castle, and sang a selection of madrigals; and amongst others Mr. John Barnett's "Merrily wake music's measure" was given with great spirit.

A new opera-house has just been completed at Detroit, Michigan, which is said to be equal in elegance of design and internal adornment to any in the country. It will seat about 2,000 persons. It was built by Dr. E. M. Clarke, at a cost of 120,000 dollars. It will open with a full dramatic company, Miss Kate Reynolds appearing as Lady Gay Spanker.

It has for some time been said that Mdlle. Nilsson, following the example of Patti, was about to make a great aristocratic match, but the press has not been agreed as to the name of the happy man. The latest *on dit* is that he is the Duke de Massa, the famous amateur composer, whose works have been played at Compiègne as well as on the public stage. [*Canard*.—A. S. S.]

M. Roger, the celebrated tenor, has at present under his tuition a young English lady, Miss Amelia Watson, who, according to a French journal, possesses a magnificent soprano voice, and sings classical music in a truly classical style. M. Roger, we may state, is qualified to be an almost cosmopolitan teacher—English, Italian, or German, all hear him speak in the tongue whereto they were born.

At the third Philharmonic Concert (Monday, April 19), Herr Reinecke, conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, is to play a concerto by Mozart (in D—the "Coronation Concerto") and to introduce for the first time in England an overture of his own, entitled *König Manfred*. The symphonies selected are Schubert's unfinished B minor, and the C minor of Beethoven.

In reference to Mr. John Barnett's "Ave Maria," performed at Mr. Leslie's last concert, the author of the original English words wishes it explained that they are simply a secular song, with incidental blending of an "Ave Maria" heard in the distance. The printing of the Latin words of the prayer to the whole piece in the programmes of the evening gave an appearance of ecclesiastical purpose not intended by either author or composer.

An attempt has been made to set fire to the Theatre Royal, Belfast, with which a lad named Robinson, aged 18, is charged. At two o'clock a light was seen in the lower part of the building, and the gallery door found open. The entire building was full of smoke, and the gas escaping. Beds and straw were burning under the stage. The prisoner was caught escaping from the house. The magistrates remanded him for further enquiries.

The death is announced at St. Petersburg, of Alexander Dargomirsky, a native composer, known by the operas, *Russalka* and *Esmeralda*. He has also left an incomplete *Don Juan*, founded, like *Russalka*, on a dramatic sketch by Pushkin—the Russian Byron. He was buried in the cemetery of the Newsky Kloster, near the grave of Glinka; and at the funeral service, celebrated in the St. Simeon church, the Imperial choir sang selections from Bortniansky's works.

Coral has risen enormously as an article of jewelry. Pieces that five or six years ago would have sold at 20s. an ounce, fetch one hundred times that sum. Formerly, the dark red coral was the most esteemed; now it has yielded to the rose pink. Whether this new taste is ephemeral remains to be seen; but certain it is that coral, which but recently held a secondary place as an article of personal adornment, now commands in the rough a price equal to about twenty times its weight in gold.

One little incident of *La Perichole*, in Boston, was rather funny. It was in the last act, when Irma and Aujac appear as street singers. Aujac finished his song, and passed round his guitar for contributions, when some facetious individual in the gallery tossed down a cent. This was a signal, and from all parts of the house rained coin, pattering upon the stage, and bumping the singers, who dodged them with considerable anxiety. Aujac picked up a hatful, and at last pleaded an *embarras de nickels*.

Some weeks ago Mrs. Stirling read *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at an orchestral concert, in the Grand Hall, Brighton. Her success on that occasion induced Mr. F. Kingsbury (under whose direction the concert was given) to effect an engagement with Mrs. Stirling for a series of readings in London, the first of which will take place at St. James's Hall, on the birthday of the great poet, Friday evening, April 23. The band of the Orchestral Union, increased by members of the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, and assisted by a chorus of ladies, will perform Mendelssohn's incidental music, under the direction of Mr. F. Kingsbury.

"Our public readers"—says the *Pall Mall Gazette*—"have gained a recruit in Mr. P. B. Phillips, who announces readings at the Victoria Hall, Bayswater. Mr. Phillips, who has been absent in Australia, is a son of Dr. Samuel Phillips, well known years since as a powerful writer in the *Times*, and as the author of *Caleb Stukely*, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. In addition to selections from Dickens, Hood, and Barham, Mr. Phillips reads some chapters from his father's novel. In right of his own abilities and his father's memory Mr. Phillips has a claim upon public attention, and will no doubt succeed in attracting considerable audiences, both in London and the provinces."

The will of Robert Keeley, Esq., of Pelham Crescent, Brompton, the eminent comedian, was proved in the London Court, on the 24th ult., under £18,000 personalty, by his relict, Mary Anne Keeley, the surviving executor; the other executor appointed was Thomas Frost Goward, Esq., of North End Lodge, Walham Green (since deceased). The will is dated Dec. 11, 1867, and the testator died Feb. 3 last, aged 76. He bequeaths to his wife all his furniture, plate, wines, and other household effects absolutely, and leaves her a life interest in his estates, real and personal. He leaves to his granddaughter, Jessie Williams, on the decease of his wife, his Oriental Bank shares; and to his wife's sister, Mrs. Eliza Hulse, an annuity of £30. The residue of his property is to be ultimately divided between his two daughters, Mary, the widow of the late Albert Smith, and Louisa, wife of Montagu Williams, barrister at-law, for the lives of his two daughters, and, after their decease, to their children.

*Apologies of Wagner's Rienzi*, at the Lyrique, the *Continental Gazette* says:—

"Varied opinions are expressed. It is decided by M. Pasdeloup that Richard Wagner's opera is to be a success, and no one would presume to deny it under such circumstances, until after a careful hearing—only it would be advisable to go to the Lyrique with a revolver, in case conviction should dawn on a man that Rossini's music is really more harmonious. It is the opinion of this composer and his friends that he is not understood, that the future will be more discriminating than the present, consequently more just than modern critics. No optician having yet produced a telescope which can look into the receding vistas of futurity, we can only hope and trust that the next generations will not have to hold their hats on with both hands when chromatics fly over their heads, as they do on Sundays at the Cirque Napoleon, nor have to sit firm on their seats when strife commences between anti-Wagnerians and his adherents. Music, Chassepots, and Ecumenical Councils being encouraged for the propagation of peace, our descendants may reap the calm which generally follows revolutionary meetings."

A Parisian gossip writes:—

"Meanwhile, the artistic and literary world are enjoying other sensations—among which the return of Madame Patti with 200,000fr. worth of gems, which the Marquis de Caux is said to have kept in a small leather bag which never left him during the journey from St. Petersburg. This detail was certainly superfluous; neither can it be relied on, as the famed *diva* and the *diva*-consort were honoured by the use of an Imperial car and the Imperial train, and it is not probable the Marquis could have felt otherwise than safe. Moreover, a nobleman who stood at the station to have the *mot de la fin* held forth promises of more gems in the future by calling out as the train moved, 'Return soon to the *pays du Don*.' Most Boyard a pun this; but as the French observe, 'Rub the skin of a Russian, and you will come to the Cossack.'"

Speaking of a recent performance of Schumann's symphony in C (No. 2), the *Sunday Times* observes:—

"Mr. Casins had evidently taken great pains with the Schumann symphony, and the result was a generally admirable performance. Of the work itself we have several times had to speak, and are, therefore, not now called upon to discuss it at length. That the symphony is a thing of mark and of merit cannot be denied. The former quality we recognize at once. To hear the work without a consciousness of great individuality and uncommon power is hardly possible. Its merit is not so immediately clear. We have to grow accustomed to the ideas and the forms in which they are presented before this can show itself. In many cases the result is never reached because of honest objections to its preliminary steps. The master's idiom is strange, and we can well understand its becoming an insurmountable obstacle. Judging by his analytical remarks, Mr. Macfarren has reached the inner light of Schu-

mann's genius. He speaks of the work under notice with enthusiasm, not a depreciatory word tempering his exuberant laudation. We, who are only groping towards the light, cannot endorse all he says. For us the symphony has no doubt merit, but, also, no doubt defects. The *scherzo*, with its contrasting trios, is an admirable movement, such as a great master might point to with pride; and so, also, is the *finale*. But, on the other hand, the first *allegro* is oddly constructed, taking the listener with it more by force of strangeness than anything else; while, in the slow movement, that which Mr. Macfarren calls 'beautiful continuity' and 'unbroken entirety' (as though an 'entirety' could be in pieces), appears to us the monotonous wail of a tortured tune. Yet, we say again, the symphony is a thing of mark and merit, one which deserves to be heard till the exact degree of its worth is ascertained."

One of the musical journals of Paris makes a startling announcement with reference to a young American lady, who is at present under the tuition of M. Wartel, the professor who enjoys the honour of having trained Madlle. Nilsson. The young lady is described as 14½ years old, and as having been introduced to M. Wartel by Mr. Benedict. She is named Violette Colville. "Wartel," says our contemporary, "speaks of her with the enthusiasm of a true artist, and with the competent appreciation of a professor who thoroughly understands that of which he speaks. 'It is a Malibran I shall produce,' he cries. 'She has the sacred fire. She always overcomes me. She apprehends too quickly. She has the most beautiful musical organization I ever met with in my life. I shall bring her out at eighteen, and I only ask Providence to bless me with life till then. In three years we shall have a Malibran.'"

#### EGYPTIAN HALL.

On Monday evening the smaller room in the Egyptian Hall was occupied by a numerous audience assembled to hear sundry extracts from the works of Messrs. Dickens and Thackeray "read" by Mr. P. B. Phillips, son of the late Samuel Phillips, well known in literary circles. Mr. Phillips had previously given a reading at the Crystal Palace, the catalogue of which was written by his father, but this was his first appearance in central London. For proficiency in an art which has of late attained a popularity that thirty years ago would have been deemed simply impossible, he displays considerable qualification. His voice is clear, his articulation extremely distinct, and in mere narration he delivers his sentences with a circumspection that would almost bear diminution, so fearful does he seem lest any word should fail to reach the ears of his audience. In the representation of strongly-marked character he displays great vivacity, and seems most to delight in his task when the supremely ridiculous is to be exhibited. The episode of "Joe, the Crossing-Sweeper," framed out of passages from Mr. Dickens's *Bleak House*, affords a fair estimate of his powers. The pathos of the tale, the compassion for the social outcast which the philanthropic novelist endeavours to excite, he feels keenly, but the characteristics of the boy require a more minute treatment than he has yet acquired, and perhaps the due proportion of colour could only be bestowed by Mr. Dickens himself. But when he comes to the oily discourse of the arch-hypocrite Chadband, Mr. Phillips is excellent. He has caught the very twang which among the worst class of itinerant preachers distinguishes the unctuous from the powerful vessel. It is only to be regretted that in giving effect to this twang he somewhat sacrifices that distinctness of articulation which is generally one of his best qualities. A paper from *All the Year Round*, which is entitled "Pray employ Major Namby," and which exhibits the annoyances inflicted upon a neighbourhood by a stalwart, loud-voiced officer, who, when he gives orders to his household, persists in bawling them from his front garden, or even the street, is one of the best *morceaux* in the programme. The uproarious, jovial major, the wife who responds from an upper window with a very thin voice, and the timid spinster next door, whose feelings are perpetually outraged, are personified with much humour, and keep the audience in a roar.

FLORENCE.—A new opera, entitled *La Martire*, by a young composer, Signor Edoardo Perelli, has been successfully produced at the Pergola.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The St. Cecilia Association gave an admirable performance, a short time since, of Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*, under the direction of Herr Müller.

LEIPZIG.—Herr C. F. W. Siegel, the music publisher, died suddenly on the 29th ult.—The *Hamlet* of M. Thomas has been produced. The fourth act was the most successful. Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri* was performed on the 2nd inst. by the members of the Singacademie.

MUNICH.—During the time the theatre is closed, a new stage will be laid down, and the latest improvements in stage machinery adopted. According to report, the first opera performed, after the improvements have been carried out, will be Herr R. Wagner's *Rheingold*.

#### REVIEWS.

*A Catechism for the Pianoforte Student*; containing a full explanation of the rudiments of music, including the various species of time, the different marks of expression, accent, and emphasis; grace notes, and tone; description of the major and minor keys, and the formation of the series of scales; the elements of fingering, with the art of acquiring a good touch and a graceful and finished execution. Illustrated by numerous examples from the works of Hummel, Haydn, Beethoven, Clementi, Herz, Czerny, Handel, Spohr, Schubert, and Thalberg. Designed for the use of schools, and the assistance of teachers. By JOHN HILES. [London: Brewer & Co.]

ALL the promise of this copious title is faithfully carried out in plain language. A most useful little manual.

*They speak of him lightly*. Song. Words by MORAO. Music by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

LIKE all Mr. Benedict's songs this is marked by extreme grace and scholarly writing. The words are above the average. Written for Miss Elena Angele, it deserves to be in the repertory of every contralto.

*The Cambrian Plume*. Song (with chorus *ad lib.*) Words by HENRY DAVIS. Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

HAVING written a popular song of loyalty, Mr. Richards has now essayed one of nationality. There are in the latter all the elements of another success. The melody is well marked as to rhythm, "catching" in its phrases, and sufficiently characteristic for its purpose. The accompaniment, made up of bold and simple harmonies, shows excellent taste. Not Welshmen alone will be pleased with the "Cambrian Plume."

*Oh! had I the wings of a Dove*. Sacred song. Composed by Mrs. GABRIEL DAVIS. [London: J. McDowell & Co.]

IT is unfortunate for Mrs. Gabriel Davis that Mendelssohn should have set the words of this song before her. The fact stands so much in her way, that we need not venture an opinion as to the merits of her music.

*The day is now dying*. Part-song. Written by J. WILCE. Composed by J. G. CALLCOTT. [London: Ransford & Son.]

PRETTY, if not altogether pure part writing. Let the style be ever so free we do not care to hear (in vocal music) minor sevenths resolve themselves upwards.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The 66th quarterly meeting took place on the 13th inst.—Viscount Ranelagh in the chair. The report of the executive committee stated that the cash receipts for the Christmas and Lady Day quarters amounted to £78,258 14s. 3d., and the grand totals to Lady Day, 1869, to £167,205 1s. 6d. The total withdrawals to Lady Day, 1869, were £336,539 18s. 8d. The last share issued to Lady Day, 1869, was 31,720. The reserved fund, to Lady Day, amounts to £10,263 7s. 8d. The half-yearly interest warrants to Lady Day will be issued, as usual, on the 1st May; in addition to the 5 per cent. per annum, interest, the bonus of one per cent. declared at the last annual meeting will be included. The rate of interest on shares completed and shares in progress paid a year in advance will remain for the present at five per cent. per annum. The executive committee further reported that, owing to the co-operation existing between them and the directors of the United Land Company, a large increase in the building advance business may be expected. The members of the Conservative Land Society had still the privilege of investing in the United Land Company (limited) if they think fit, the shares of the first issue being offered to them in the first instance. The directors and members present were, Viscount Ranelagh, Col. B. Knox, Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot, Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart., M.P., Hon. Robert Bourke, M.P., Col. Meyrick, Messrs. Currie, Goodson, Holmes, Newmen, Winstanley, C. L. Grunstein (secretary), Stewardson, Poole, etc., etc.

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Albert Methfessel, so well known as a composer of quartets for male voices, and formerly conductor at the Ducal Theatre, died on the 23rd ult., at Gandersheim, aged eighty-five.

DUSSELDORF.—Herren Rietz and Tausch have undertaken the direction of the forty-sixth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine.

ESSELINGEN.—A performance of Handel's *Samson* was given recently by the Oratorio Association.

GENOA.—Madame Borghi-Mamo has been singing most successfully in *Il Barbieri*, at the Teatro Paganini.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BOOSEY & Co.—"A Psalm of Life," by Mrs. Augustus Warburton.

HUTCHINGS & ROMER.—Reverie for the pianoforte, by C. E. Noverre.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"Beauteous Moon with silvery rays," ballad, by E. Schubert.

METZLER & Co.—"Johann Sebastian Bach: his life and writings."

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LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, London.

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.**—ST. JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY EVENING, April 23 (Shakespeare's Birthday), MRS. STIRLING will read "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." Mendelssohn's incidental music. Full orchestra and chorus of ladies. Conductor—Mr. F. Kingsbury. Commence at Half-past Eight. Tickets at Mitchell's Royal Library; Chappell's, New Bond Street; Keith, Frowde, and Co.'s, Chapside; Hay's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's, St. James's Hall. Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

**THE NEW NICARAGUAN VALSE**, arranged on Central American Aboriginal Airs collected by Capt. Bedford Prin, R.N., and dedicated to Mrs. Prin, will be played with Full Band at the GRAND BALL to be given in honour of Lord George Hamilton, at Willis's Rooms, on the 27th inst.; the composer, Herr SCHUBERTH (Director of the Schubert Society), has been prevailed upon to conduct his composition. Published at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

### NEW CONTRALTO SONG.

#### "THEY SPEAK OF HIM LIGHTLY,"

SONG.

The Words by MORAO.

The Music by JULES BENEDICT.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

### "FLOW, MURMURING STREAM,"

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